

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

WARM WEATHER REMARKS.

BY ISRAEL KICILS.

THE WEATHER. What a never-failing topic of conversation, is the weather! Were it not for the changes in the atmosphere, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the alternations of heat and cold, clouds and sunshine, to say nothing of east winds, Scotch mists and London fogs, why, really, your every-day sort of people would have nothing to talk about, mankind would grow unsocial as cats and dogs—there would be no direct way of salutation among friends—no way of breaking a conversation when you felt that you had nothing to converse about. Who that has not observed the influence of a warm day after a series of cold ones? how it penetrates and thaws open the hearts of frigid old maids and bachelors—how it loosens the tongues of morose and taciturn gentlemen, tormented by the blues—how it imparts sprightliness to the small-talk of the ladies, and animation to the words of all. To judge of this influence, suppose, for a moment, that all the year were a long summer's day—no variation in the atmosphere—no change of the weather—the heavens all cloudless above, the fields and foliage all green around, and nature wearing on every side, the same uniform aspect! People would talk for a while about the strange phenomenon—grand-dames would elevate their spectacles and utter divers exclamations concerning it—your calculating weather-wisemen, who had lived the life of almanacks, would pause in their daily walk, lean awhile on their staves, and speculate on the strangeness of the scene—every body, for a nine day, would exclaim, "what singular weather!" But the wonder would soon cease—the scene would ere long become familiar—and the story of it thrice told, burdensome to the ear. You might go forth in the morning to take your accustomed walk or to enter upon the pursuit of business—you would meet acquaintances intent upon the same objects—but you would hear from none of them that heart-felt, spirit-stirring exclamation "How glorious a morning!" which, as the seasons are now ordered, bursts forth, on the recurrence of a favorable change of weather, from ten thousand bosoms, and is echoed and re-echoed from ten thousand tongues. Aye, even the songsters of the grove—the grove itself—all nature's works, join, on such a morning, in tributes of joy and gratulation.

TRINKETS. I have an utter aversion for all those little articles of ornament, yclept trinkets. Under this head, I include rings, and breast-pins, studs, safety-chains and watch-seals. I despise the whole of them, never like their appearance when worn by others and never wear them myself. To me, it is astonishing what pains young men will take to adorn their persons in this manner—to trick themselves out with these gewgaws of jewelry and paste, as if there was something in them becoming a man, something of ornament to the human form. Ornament indeed! Why not carry out the practice—disfigure the nose with a jewel and tattoo the face with paints? Away—away, with these fantastical, foolish affectations of dress—discard them, I say, from the wardrobe of cultivated gentlemen, and leave them, as cast-offs never to be resumed, to savages and negroes.

SLEEP. "Blessings on his head," exclaimed the philosophical Sancho, "who first invented sleep." Glorious invention! eternal, universal patent right! how do thy comforts descend upon the weary and toil-worn, the poor and the rich—the sick and the healthful—how upon the eyelids of each and all fall thy influences like the dews of evening upon the closing flowers! Oh there is a richness in the gift of sleep—a wealth, which he alone can prize, who, from some affliction of mind or body, has lost its possession! See the conscience-stricken wretch tossing on his pallet of straw and clanking the chains which bind him to his dungeon! A heavier chain is fastened on his soul—a chain which keeps him from the world of sleep, or if its links do but lengthen and he enters that world, imagination peoples it with "gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire!" He sees none of those pure beings, that hover around the sleep of the innocent—those spirits which come to him in that hour, as from the threshold of heaven,

beckoning him on to its golden gates—he hears not the well-remembered voices of friends, of parents and kindred, who now slumber peacefully in the grave. Their voices, if heard, are heard only to upbraid him—their forms rise before him to shrink immediately from his presence. What a contrast to this scene, is the sleep of the innocent—that picture of innocence—an infant—bearing, as it always appears to, the fresh touches of the Creator's hand and being all over redolent of Heaven. View it as it slumbers peacefully in its cradle—its bosom scarce moving its covering—its breath gentle and noiseless as the falling of the dew—its eyes closed calmly and serenely—its countenance touched with a pleasantness of expression, as if the first glimmerings of reason were drawing upon its mind. You may almost fancy it an angel, so pure, so beautiful, so heavenly that expression!

NEW-YORK CRIES. The season of cries has commenced—the long-drawn ejaculation of "Ra-a-a-d—ishes! Ra-a-a-dishes!" is heard in our streets—the shrill notes of the fresh-checked strawberry girls salute the ear—and soon green peas, hot-corn and fruits of every description, will be sounded, each in its peculiar note, through the livelong day—aye—and the night too, in our city. There is something in these cries not unpleasant to those accustomed to hear them—but to a stranger they are any thing but agreeable. You will see such an one just landed from the steam-boat and for the first time gaping, as he saunters along, at the shop windows and houses—just at his heels follows a mischievous little fellow with a basket under his arm—he restrains his voice for awhile—he watches his opportunity to give effect to his cry and then belches forth with lungs like a steam engine, "Ra-a-a-dishes—Ra-a-a-dishes!" The astounded countryman starts—stops—looks for the cause of the noise—and if he detects it, the young radish merchant may think himself well off, if himself, basket and radishes are not pitched rudely into the gutter.

BOARDING SCHOOLS. Young ladies should never be sent to a boarding-school. It is bad enough for boys to be congregated together by hundreds, under one roof, but to young ladies the consequences are most pernicious. There, they must learn to put off that delicacy of feeling, that maiden modesty, which, like the sensitive plant, shrink from contact with others. They assume a boldness of manners, a forwardness of address, at once displeasing and unnatural. There, the worst passions of the human breast are roused into action: envy, vanity, jealousy and hatred. The amiable qualities of the heart are neglected and forgotten. There domestic, fire-side enjoyments lose their attractions; and pomp, show, affectation, coquetry and a love of excitement take their place.

HOSPITALS. If there is any place where the afflictions or infirmities of human nature may be seen and realized, it is a hospital. Here the sick, the lame, and the blind, are all congregated. Here is decrepit age laboring under the accumulated diseases of years, and buoyant youth striving to bear up under the weight of early affliction. Here is manhood stripped of his strength and his ambition, prostrate on the bed of sickness. All around exhibits the mark of disease in its numerous and diversified shapes. You see the hollow cheek, the sunken eye, the palsied hand, the emaciated form—you hear the consumptive cough, echoing, like a death knell, through these noiseless apartments—you catch the distant groans of the suffering, perchance, the last parting struggle of the dying. As you walk through this scene of affliction, your courage almost fails you—the sight of so much misery—misery, of which before you had formed no conception—overcomes your spirits, and with a hurried step you haste to issue forth into the open air—and to quit forever the walls of a hospital. But let sickness—a long and complicated disease—be your lot, and how gladly will you enter that abode—the whole scene will become changed—and a hospital—the place for which of all others you had before entertained feelings only of dread—that place will seem a pool of Bethesda, a perfect paradise.

Let us haste to Turtle Grove,
Bonnie Lassie, O!

A large and spacious Summer House has this spring been erected by the Messrs. Stevens, at Turtle Grove, Hoboken. Its situation is airy and beautiful, commanding an extensive view of the

harbor and North River, and the whole extent of the city bordering on its shores. The establishment is under the superintendence of Mr. Dyer, whose exertions for the pleasure and accommodation of his visitors, will, we have no doubt, meet with a most liberal patronage. We recommend all our readers who have not been melted down by the recent hot weather, to repair forthwith to this pleasant retreat. It is inferior to none in the vicinity of New-York. D.

FOR THE CONSTELLATION. IMPROPTU.—TO A WREN.

Thou little, foolish, chatt'ring thing
That frets and scolds with such ill grace;
Why dost thou not leave off, and sing,
And be more like thy feather'd race?
I hear thee ere the dawn of day,
Beneath my casement scolding so
I cannot sleep—come, fly away,
Thou noisy wren, I pray, go, go.
Thy nest within my reach I'll crush
And throw thy offspring after thee,
If thou dost not thy chatt'ring hush,
And move without disturbing me.
Thou seem'st to have but little fear,
For even now thou'rt chatt'ring still;
And see, thou'rt coming yet more near,
Which seems to say, I will, I will.
Scold on—but I'll away from thee
And to some other place I'll hie;
And also there my couch shall be,
So chatt'ring wren, good bye, good bye.

J. H. S.

NEW-YORK, June, 1831.

FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

ANECDOTES OF A PARSON.

The Reverend Mr. S. is justly remembered for the goodness and simplicity of his character. A volume of sermons written by him attest the singularity of his mind; yea, a tome thereof at the head of his present testament would speak more than a thousand epitaphs. Of his personal appearance, no one, who has not seen the "living skeleton," can form an idea; but the length of his legs would put that worthy man to the blush, and the sombre gravity of his countenance was inexpressibly captivating. Among the numerous anecdotes told of him, the "Visit to New York" is certainly passing strange; indeed these anecdotes are some of them, hardly credible, and were they related as fiction, they would degenerate into coarseness and vulgarity. Many persons in this country are cognizant of their verity, and think it no crime to indulge a harmless laugh at the foibles of the virtuous old gentleman.

Some ecclesiastical body met at New-York, and he as a member, went to Mr. M's. As he was entering the court, a large hog ran out, and passing 'tween his legs, bore him gallantly off with his face to the rump, and of course, his back to the street, where he was dumped in the kennel. The bystanders raised, cleansed, and comforted him to the extent of their ability, and the kindness of Mrs. M. soon quieted his alarm.

At the tea-table a number of clergymen were collected, and after their carnal appetites were satisfied, questions of metaphysical subtlety were amply discussed. An awful solemnity pervaded the audience. Truth in its power swayed and melted all hearts—when suddenly, Mr. S. with intensely anxious countenance—and at the same time making a desperate grab for his short ribs—exclaimed, sartin there's a bug! The astonished and convulsed gentlemen flew to his assistance, and relieved him of a large pinching-bug, which had invaded his person to his utter consternation and discomfiture.

Now darkness brooded over the city, and the clean white sheets were open laid in an occupied apartment. Soon the dainty person of our reverend friend was stowed snugly away therein, and in sleep, balmy sleep, he promised himself an alleviation of all his woes. Oblivion dire and dark forgetfulness, was stealing over his senses, when—hark! what noise is that! hiss-s! hiss-s! hiss-s! He uncovers his head; he starts tremblingly up, seizes an article of furniture, and moves cautiously to the clean and garnished fire-place. Now he it known, that the terrified old gentleman in haste to put on that integument, vulgarly called a shirt—for he had but one, and of that he disrobed himself to preserve unsoiled the evidences of Aunt Dorcas's handy-work—inserted his head into the neck part first, and running his arms in their proper place, the said garment hung, of course, about

his neck, like a mop-rag around the handle thereof. In this striking attitude he approaches the den of the monster; hiss-s! hiss-s! bang!! Oh my God, I'm murdered. Down fell the parson in an agony. Up ran Mrs. M. in despair. But delicacy and fright forbade her entrance. Murder!—Murder! sounded to the kitchen. Help! Help! re-echoed from the garret. The amazed residents hastened to the scene of disaster, and found the poor man on his back weltering in gore. I'm shot, cried he; staunch the blood, said they. I'm dying, quoth he; place him on the bed exclaimed they. They gathered up his disorganized and scattered skeleton limbs; mournfully they laid him on his couch, and the next morning saw him on the road to his domicile, melancholy and contemplative. The sad fate of Mr. S. long formed a topic of conversation, and a subject for regret, and was always strangely coupled with the solemn loss of one of a dozen bottles of choice spruce beer. ORANGE.

FOR THE CONSTELLATION. THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Listen—'tis the whippoorwill's lay
How plaintive and mournful his song;
Not a note will he raise through the day,
But sing to us all the night long.
He mourns on the willow-tree spray,
Nor ceases till the day-beams appear;
He mourns for his mate: that's away,
His mate that is tenderly dear.
How pensively soft is his song,
As it's borne on the southerly air;
Softly, ye airs, that bear it along
For sweet are the murmurs ye bear.
It reminds me of her that I love,
Though distant and far from me now;
When at eve we stray'd in the grove
Where the myrtle and jessamine grow.
For thee in the sweet-scented grove
As the whippoorwill mourn'd for his mate.
We in raptures exchang'd vows of love,
Unheeding the frowns of stern fate.

J. H. S.

NEW YORK, May, 1831.

How to detect a Rogue. Not very far "down east" from Boston lived a man of "pretty considerable parts," whose business it was to "teach the young idea how to shoot"—and to sing Psalms on a Sabbath day. He was considered an uncommonly "cute fellow," and possessed an excellent System, which was to push his pupils forward by a liberal application of birch backard. One day, it was a muster day, the boys applied to him for "leave to have no school;"—but he, having the morals and well-being of his pupils in view, put in his veto, which caused great excitement among the youngsters, which came near resulting in open rebellion—for boys generally prefer the march of soldiers to the march of intellect. There they sat, sucking their thumbs and bitterly waiting their hard lot;—the troops began to muster—the drum rolled—and they heard the orderly sergeant give out the command in a thundering voice—"fall in fellers!—right dress!" It was too much to bear; one of the little fellows, seeing the master's back turned, slyly crept up to the stove and placed a lump of *Aspidodita* upon it. It soon began to melt—the gas ascended, and the boys began to groan and hold their noses—

"My gracious! what's that?"—asked the enraged pedagogue—"which one of you's got garlick in your pockets?—Ho—ho—ho—you've put it on the stove haint you? Dan Moneyenny,—did you do that, you rascal? Did you, Promise Gill? Nick Hindman! stop your laughing, you villain. Which of you has done this, tell me, you vagabonds!"

The boys all denied knowing any thing about it, and, as the stench now became too strong to bear, the master was compelled to dismiss the school, and let his vengeance sleep until the morrow.

The morrow came, and the boys were separately asked if they knew any thing of the foul indignity offered the olfactory nerves of the master? No, all were ignorant. "Well now," said the master, "you all appear to be mighty innocent—but I have a way of finding out the guilty one. You all on, you say that 'ere stove, do ye? Well, it's got no fire in it now, and is quite cold; you shall go one after the other and touch it, and it will not fail to burn you the guilty one. I've tried it for years, I tell you. Promise Gill, shut up all the windows and make the room dark. Now, boys, when I say advance—do you go up each of you and touch the stove-pipe—the innocent need not be affeared."

He now walked lightly to the stove and besmear'd the pipe with lamp-black, then returned to his seat, and gave the word. The boys did as they were commanded—but not one of them said he was burnt.

"Open the windows now, Promise Gill," exclaimed the master. "Now, boys, all on you hold up your hands. Ha! Nick Hindman—you're the fellow that put the stuff on the stove yesterday! You wouldn't touch it to day—so you haint got your hands black. The rest of the boys may go home—Nick, you stay here, I've got a little account to settle with you."

Balt. Milder.

MISCELLANY.

From the Yeoman's Gazette.

A NEW-YORK TRICK.

The New-York wits, it is well known, are so fond of amusing themselves and others by publishing accounts of "Yankee tricks," that if they cannot find them ready made, they will manufacture them out of whole cloth. That the Yankees possess, as John Bull says, "a great deal of cleverness in the art of trickery," is not denied. But that they are the only "clever fellows" in Uncle Sam's vast domains is denied without hesitation. In proof of the truth of his denial I take the liberty to lay before the public the following veritable story.

Within the memory of many, still in the land of the living, it came to pass that a citizen of the Commercial Emporium journeyed to the Green Mountain and Granite States; and he must needs pass through the Land of steady habits.

On his way through this highly favored region; about the going down of the sun, it behooved him to seek a lodging place for the night, where he might procure refreshment for himself and the faithful beast, on which he rode. By this time he had become sufficiently acquainted with the country to know that, if he steered for the steeple of a church, he was sure to find hard by it the sign post of a tavern; for from olden time this people have been famous for "scratching hard" to provide food for the body, as well as the soul; to gain the treasures of this world, as well as of that which is to come.

Our traveller alighted at the door of the inn and soon found Jonathan, the landlord. On inquiring if he could be furnished with accommodation for himself and horse through the night, he received for answer, "I guess you can." "Then I reckon I will stop with you," replied the traveller.

The horse being accommodated in the barn and the man in an apartment separate from the bar-room, Jonathan sat down and began at once to smoke his pipe and his guest. The questions, which are usually put on like occasions in this land of freedom, were speedily proposed by Jonathan; namely—"What may I call your name? Where are you from? Where are you going? What is your business?"—To these queries the stranger replied, "I am of Dutch extraction; my name is Van Dam Quiz'em; I come from Yawk; I am bound to Massachusetts, Vermont, Hampshire and the towns round; and my business is to speculate in cats."

At the word *speculate* Jonathan laid down his pipe, and eagerly inquired how many cats he wanted and what he could afford to give apiece for a lot of them.—The reply was, that he expected to obtain them at from fifty cents to a dollar each, according to the age, size and suitable training of the animal. Jonathan's next query was as to the meaning of the phrase "suitable training." The reply was that the animals must be confined, a large number together, in an upper story of the house, where light is admitted through one pane of glass only. Here they must be fed high, and every third day or oftener, a man must enter, the apartment, fasten the door after him and lash them severely with a stout whip, till they become still, tame and obedient. After some conversation it was stipulated that, at the return of Mynheer Van Dam Quiz'em from his excursion to the north, he should be supplied by the said Jonathan with a number of cats and kittens, not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred, trained according to the discipline aforesaid. The next morning came, the stranger proceeded on his journey and Jonathan went busily to work to fit his garret for the reception of this new article of speculation. There was near his establishment another essential requisite for the centre of a New England village, namely, a large public school house, well filled with sturdy boys and ruddy girls. To these Jonathan gave notice, that he would pay from four pence to nine pence apiece for as many cats as they would bring to him; payment to be made according to the age and size of the animals produced. This was as interesting a spec to the young urchins, as the landlord's expected one was to him, so that at the close of the week the tavern garret became the prison of a full hundred of the feline race. At sundown on Saturday, Jonathan furnished a supply of food, sufficient to sustain his prisoners over the Sabbath, and then set his house in order for keeping holy time. It is true that during the night and the day devoted to holy resting, there was much noise in the garret, resembling at one time the racing of a regiment of rats, and at another the music of the celebrated Billings, performed by a singing school in their earliest attempts in psalmody. Jonathan was many times tempted to ascend and inflict the prescribed discipline; but concluding on the whole that this was the suggestion of the Evil One to induce him to break the sabbath, he deferred it to sundown of the

Lord's day, at which hour holy time ceases in the land of steady habits.

The sun had no sooner sunk behind the western hills, than Jonathan's go-to-meeting dress was exchanged for his frock and trowsers and Belmy's "True Religion Delineated" laid aside for an enormous *cat-whip*. Thus equipped he mounted the topmost steps of the staircase, carefully entered his *cattery*, fastened the door and began to lay about him with his whip most lustily. Such a battle now raged, as has never been sung by any poet, either ancient or modern, serious or comic; and for this plain reason, such a contest never happened before, and in all human probability never will hereafter. To the dogmatical attack of the assailant there was opposed a catagorical defence by the assailed. Some of the latter, in a state of desperation, sprang like lightning at the pane of glass to secure a retreat; and one, more hardy than the rest, soon succeeded in dashing it to atoms and falling into the street; and several immediately followed with all possible celerity. Whether they reached the ground feet downwards and unharmed, or whether they belong to the list of killed or wounded, I have not heard.

Meanwhile the main body attacked Jonathan *et al armis* which is being interpreted, tooth and nail. Now it was that he roared with Stentorian vociferation, "fire! murder! blood and thunder!" till the door was burst open by those, who come to his relief, when he went down stairs more suddenly than he ever came up, and in a much more unnatural and uncouth manner—for he was wont to ascend head over heels, but now he descended heels, over head, followed and run over by nearly a hundred animals of the fiercest nature, seeking what appeared to them "long lost liberty." As the cats dropped from the window and rushed out at the street door, they were met by the neighbors, who had assembled about the inn, in consequence of the commencement of the time for attending to secular affairs and the alarm which had been given. These stared with no less wonderment and affright, than was occasioned by the midnight march of the Windham frogs to the funeral of their departed chieftain, which has been so sweetly celebrated in song by one of the bards of this western world. Jonathan was scarcely cured of his wounds, when the fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Mynheer Van Dam Quiz'em had agreed to call and fulfil his part of the engagement. With truly Dutch punctuality he called upon the landlord, requesting to know if the cats were ready, assuring him that the money was on hand to pay for them. "Damnation seize the cats and the money, too," exclaimed Jonathan. "I guess sure enough your name is Dam Quiz'em, for you have played upon me a quiz, a bite and scratch into the bargain. But, hawsomever, if you'll promise never to tell on't, you shall have as much as you and your horse can eat and drink in welcome, free gratis, for nothing at all."

This our traveller faithfully promised, declaring it was merely a slight offset for the wooden nutmegs, horn gun flints and oakleaf and skunk cabbage cigars, which he had purchased of the puritanical tin peddlars. Whether he kept his word, or whether, like a succeeding Mason, he felt bound in conscience to reveal the secret to the world, or whether the landlord's wife told it as a profound secret to one of her sister gossips, which is the surest way to make any transaction public, is not ascertained. This is certain, that by some means or other, "the cat has been let out of the bag," and the story is here related, as a caution to all to be careful what questions they ask, and still more to beware what credit they give to the answers they receive.

A STAUNCH HYPOCRITE.

I am the squire of a country parish, in the north of—shire, where, till within the last twenty years,—that is, during the incumbency of the present rector and his predecessor—we never had any methodical doings, but were as honest, hearty souls as ever mounted a hunter or cracked a bottle. But during the last twenty years there has been a sad change. I do not mean that there is no more poaching, or stealing wood and poultry, or robbing barns and orchards; for in these respects we are better off than before, which I attribute entirely to these things having gone out of fashion, just like hard drinking. But what I lament is the great increase of *hypocrisy* in the parish. When I was a boy we had service at church only once a fortnight; and not always that, especially when the curate, for we had no resident rector, had the rheumatism; but as soon as Mr. F. the late incumbent, came to reside, he performed service every Sunday morning, which, however, I did not much object to; though it was sometimes very inconvenient, for, as I made a point of attending whenever there was a sermon, it prevented my taking physic or settling some affairs at one of my manors, a few miles off, which I had been accustomed to attend punctually on the alternate Sundays once a month. Mr. F. died twelve years ago, and left in his will a

considerable legacy for a *second service* every Sunday, as the smallness of the preferment had hitherto rendered it necessary for the clergyman to serve another parish in the afternoon. To attend a second service I had always considered great hypocrisy, and therefore I had never darkened the doors of an afternoon since the endowment; but as the new rector Mr. H. entered with a warmth into the design of his predecessor, and the bishop and patron gave their consent, I could do nothing effectual to prevent it. Mr. H. acted very puritanically in the whole of his business: I am certain he only wished to curry favor with the poor, and to spite me; though I never could see what he could get by doing so. His conduct, however, throughout, was so hypocritically amiable and obliging, that he never gave me a fair opportunity to tell him all my mind. I hate such double dealing: a good hearty quarrel clears the air like a thunder storm, and all its sunshine afterwards.

Well, sir, hypocrisy, I believe is as contagious as the plague; for in a few years half the parish began to be infected; and what with schools, and sermons, and bibles, and prayer-books, the Sunday, instead of being a day of rest, became as busy as a market day. Some of the principal farmers, in imitation of the parson, have had the hypocrisy to take to cold meat dinners on that day, that all their servants may go to church; and as for Mr. H. himself, when or how he gets his own dinner on these occasions, I cannot conjecture: he seems to me to live like a woodcock. But in order that you may understand more fully the nature of the evils of which I complain, I shall give you the following account of one of my tenants, who has for many years been one of the staunchest hypocrites in the parish.

Tim Dobbins was just my own age; and being my foster brother, he used to be often, when a child, in the servants' hall at the manor house, where he learnt many excellent and diverting tricks. As we grew up, we became constant companions; for my father said that though Tim was but a poor man's child, he had a good deal of spirit, and promised to be an adventurous sportsman, and might in time, after his death, make me a valuable game keeper. In this I was a little disappointed; for though Tim was a good fellow, an exceeding good fellow, yet he took so to drinking, and, what was worse, to poaching in the preserves which he was employed to guard, that I was obliged, at length, to dismiss him. I shall not trouble you with the rest of his adventures:—how often he got into prison or sat to the stocks, with similar particulars, &c. What vexed me most was, that in throwing a red-hot poker one day at his wife, he set fire to the new cottage which I had built for him, and, being intoxicated at the time, suffered the flames to spread to one of my barns. I should not, however, have turned him out of his paddock for these offences, if he had not become a hypocrite; for I can forgive many faults where there is a good heart.

His hypocrisy was very cleverly managed. He did not, like some reprobates I have heard of, boast of sudden conversion; indeed, in order the better to keep up the stratagem, he did not *boast* at all; but, to the hour of his death, professed to be a miserable sinner, while all the while, I have no doubt he thought himself quite a saint. About twenty years ago, when Mr. F. came to the parish, Tim's cottage was next to the parsonage, so that his wife and children came in for many a good thing from the rector's kitchen and dairy. Both Mr. F. and afterwards Mr. H. used to visit them and give them little books; and, I must confess, they were very kind and attentive to their wants; all which I attributed to the new fashioned policy before mentioned. Tim, however, would not be won upon, either by words or deeds. Mr. F. tried to break him of the knack of swearing, but did not succeed; for Tim not having been bred a gentleman, did not know that it was unbecomingly to swear before a clergyman. In three or four years, however, the rector, I perceived, began to gain a little upon him; for I once heard Tim say myself, that Mr. F. was a saint, if ever there was one on earth, and that in the end it might be better look for us all if we were more like him.

When Tim's cottage was burnt down, the rector lent him one of his own, which happened to be empty; for there was snow on the ground, and Lucy Dobbins was near her confinement; and I had vowed Tim should not have so much as a stable of mine; for in addition to burning up my cottage, which I did not care a rush for, he had betted upon Lord—'s prebend galloway, and openly backbited the finest hound in my kennel. As soon as Tim entered the cottage, he swore with an oath, that the parson was a noble fellow; and by way of requitment, vowed that he would never swear again while he remained in that cottage, and would even go to church some Sunday, as soon as he had won the new hat and red plush waistcoat to go in at the endelmatch. He did not, however, keep either of these promises.

Some time after, Tim was in prison for debt, and was so ill with a neglected cold, which he had caught one night in ponching my fishponds, that his life was despaired of. Mr. M. attended him frequently, and gave him food and medicines; for the parish apothecary did not care to trouble himself about him. From this period I date the commencement of Tim's misfortune. The rector prevailed on the creditor to release him, and had him removed into his old cottage, which I had by this time rebuilt for him, being much pleased with him for keeping up the honor of our county by shooting twenty pigeons in succession—nine of them right through the head, at six yards greater distance than the best riflemen in the adjoining county, which is half as big again as ours. It was nearly twelve months before he recovered; all which time the rector and his wife continued their designs upon him. Tim's ruin was now complete. I did not see him in prison or during his illness; for such scenes, you know, only make a man melancholy, especially as I might have chanced to encounter the parson, and have come in for a slice of his Sunday's sermon. Poor Tim, when I first saw him after his recovery, was leaning over the gate on the sunny side of his cottage, as I rode past to go on our annual cock-fight, which, I assure you, Mr. Editor, is one of the finest things in all our country. "Ah! Tim," said I, "I see you will soon be with us again." "I hope not, sir," he replied. "Hope not! and why? do you intend to hang all your life over a gate with your head datched with a night-cap?" "My thoughts, sir," said he, "are greatly changed, and I trust in future to lead a very different life to what I have yet done." He added a few words more, which I did not quite understand; but they sufficed to convince me that Tim was becoming a downright hypocrite; and so I told all the company at the cock-pit, who greatly applauded my sagacity, and lamented that he should have fallen, of late, into low spirits and methodistical company.

Tim continued to manage his hypocrisy in a very plausible and ingenious manner. He did not make a great blaze in the village, as I expected he would have done; but went on quietly about his employments; and, to keep up the plot the better, left off drinking, and swearing, and gaming, and poaching, and stealing, and most of his old habits. I suppose he was tired of them. Nay, the sly fellow went so far, that, from being the most troublesome and quarrelsome man in the hundred, he, in time, obtained every body's good word as a civil companion, an *obiding* neighbor, a faithful friend, and the best paymaster in the village. Still further to keep up the farce, he contrived to save money to pay off his old debts, and subscribed a penny a week to a bible and prayer-book society; expecting, I suppose, that they would decline receiving the money. Nay, he even went so far as to deceive his own family, so that even his wife and children believed him in earnest; and whereas they formerly trembled at his presence, they now became tenderly attached to him, and gave him the best of characters to the end of his life. I do not find fault with any of these good doings in themselves; only in Tim they shewed great hypocrisy, because he did not even pretend that his temper and passions were changed in themselves—only that religion made him endeavor to subdue them—a plain proof of double-mindedness. I need scarcely add, that he took to going to church twice every Sunday; besides which he read the bible and prayer-book to his wife and children at home, as often as he had an opportunity. Thus year after year he went on passing himself for a saint, and this without any sufficient motive that ever I could discover to make it worth his while to do so. It must have been the mere love of hypocrisy. I make no doubt he would have had any believe it was for conscience sake; and many people thought it was so, especially as he never made any difficulty of giving up his interest to suit his purposes. Once I warned him out of his cottage, to prevent the walls being infected with methodism, and, to my great surprise, he left, rather than give over his hypocritical doings. In short, he kept up his character to the last; and the parson has for many years spoken of him as one of the best livers in the parish, and recommended all his neighbors to imitate his example.

His death has crowned the whole; for he died as he lived, without any acknowledgment of his hypocrisy. He professed to be quite calm, and ready to go; another plain proof of insincerity, for who would die that could help it? I do not hear of his having used any extravagant expressions of joy; I suppose he was too cunning for this; but Mr. M. said, in his funeral sermon, that he was very repentant, and placed his trust in Jesus Christ our Lord; and he told us a great many of his sayings and doings, which were very good and pious in themselves, only too methodistical.

Now, sir, what I want to know is, what can I do to stop the effects of this example? Tim's pretended repentance and good works and re-

religious discourse, continued for so many years have made many other persons take up the same kind of hypocritical religion; and they are all treading in his steps, to the great joy of the rector, who is getting an old man, and cannot see through these things. Tim's death-bed has strengthened the general impression; and if we go on as we are now beginning, I fear we must add a new gallery to the church, which would be a great expense to the parish. Pray inform me how to act. Could I not indict the rector for driving his majesty's subjects mad? My own wife and daughters, I fear are bitten; and, to provoke me the more are becoming so doubly kind and amiable, that, do what I will, I cannot find pretext to quarrel with them. They read your work, Mr. Editor, which is the way I come to know of it; and I am in hopes that, if you admit my communication, they will be so shocked at the above exposure of hypocrisy, as to forsake their new-fangled notions, and go back to balls and cards, and other like Christian amusements, which is the hearty wish of, sir, your obedient servant,
AN AMTI METHODIST.
English paper.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

I was unfortunate enough, one bright July morning in my senior year, to receive an expressive note from my Tutor, which rendered a journey of some hundred and fifty miles quite necessary. I was in the coach in less than an hour with a travelling cap pulled over a very long face, partly to avoid recognition by my classmates as we whirled by the colleges, and partly with an indefinite feeling that a pretty woman who sat in the opposite corner of the coach would observe a tear that was coquetting very capriciously with my eyelids. The rumbling echo of the wheels from the broad front of East Rock, roused me from a very bitter fit of reflection, and recollecting that there were now two miles between me and certain official gentlemen, I raised my cap and took a long breath and a look out of the window. The lady on the back seat had a child on her lap. We three were the only passengers.

It is surprising how "it's all in your eye" whether beautiful objects seem beautiful in this world. I do not think there is a sweeter gem of scenery in New England than the spot upon which my eye fell at that moment—the little hamlet of Whitneyville at the foot of East Rock. I had rambled all over its wild neighborhood, and threaded for hundreds of truant days its deep passes—I knew, and loved as a romantic collector will love, every striking tree and sheltered moss-knoll from its base to its summit—I had stood on the romantic bridge many a moonlight hour thinking of you, dear—(cheer!) and star-gazing in the black mirror of the tide below—and now, as I hoped to be recalled, I thought it the most exquisitely dismal spot I ever looked upon—the trees ugly and distorted, the "fine old trap-rock" (the Professor's epithets were as good as an apotheosis to it) desolate and naked, and the pretty buildings below (the only factory that ever adorned a stream) absolutely insulting with their peaceful picturesqueness.

"What a desolate place!" said I, in a soliloquizing tone as the coach rolled out from the covered bridge (a new one, by the way, that was not half as pretty as the old one) and toiled slowly up the steep hill beyond.

"Sir," said the lady. She did know how a sudden start for home in the middle of the term, affects the moral sensorium. I should have called Dian a hag.

"I mean, madam—I beg pardon—and then I went into a long rhodomontade to explain away my apparent want of taste, and the lady told me her son's name was John, and that he was named after his father, who was Captain Thompson of the brig Dolly, that had just arrived in Boston after a three years' voyage, &c. &c. &c.—ending in a request that I would assist her with my knowledge of localities when we arrived at the end of our journey.

In ten miles, I was on very sociable terms with Mrs. Thompson. In ten more, by dint of gingerbread and good humor, Master John was persuaded into my lap, and in ten more—but travellers have a reputation for a long bow, and I shall not be believed. The day was divine, and the season was June, and if it had not been for an occasional sight of the mail-bag under my feet, which I presumed contained a simple explanation of my journey, I could have contrived to forget the imminent peril in which I stood of losing my graduate's sheepskin and my father's blessing. The coach, however, rolled on, and would have rolled on just as it did, probably, if I had been ten times as miserable, (I know nothing more provoking than the indifference of such vehicles to one's feelings) and by and by, what with now and then a very sweet smile from Mrs. Thompson, and a disastrous discomfiture of my sham shirt-bosom by Master John, I think I may flatter myself that I was tolerably resigned to circumstances.

Have I described Mrs. Thompson? She was not as delicate as Scadit, nor as bluff as Moll Marlinpike. Her cheeks were red, and her lips to match, and she had "two eyes with lids to them," according to the inventory in the play—but when the lids were up the eyes were blue—(and very soft, and gentle, and dangerous eyes they were)—and if it had not been for a very thin, spirited nostril, and an expression like a cocked pistol about her pretty chin, I should have thought she was made for a Niobe. Her name was Julia (I asked her as it grew twilight, the second day) and that name always sounded to me, (as L. E. L. would say, calling for her *caude Mous-selline*) like a gushing tear! If she was not sentimental, there is no truth in symptoms.—At any rate I was tender to her upon suspicion. The chain of circumstantial evidence would have borne me out, I think.

Travelling after twilight, I have always remarked, makes one very affectionate. The forty miles between Worcester and Boston on the mail route (they used to pass it before the "reform" between sunset and midnight) should be sacred to sentiment. If there were "tongues in trees," or if the crooked fences could tell straight stories, a pedestrian tour over that part of the highway would be highly interesting. I can answer for its effect upon myself and Mrs. Thompson.

We were aroused from a deep metaphysical discussion of elective sympathies, by the rattling of the wheels on the pavement; and at the same moment the city clocks struck twelve. The streets were all deserted, and the lamp-posts and watchmen performed their duties in dismal silence. Captain Thompson (so said Mrs. T.) was at the Marlborough Hotel; and singularly forgetful as his lady had seemed to be of his existence for the previous six hours, she grew very amiably anxious about him as the coach rattled on to Washington street. A crack of the whip, brought us to the door after a turn or two, and the half-dressed bar-keeper peered out with his flaring candle and gave us the gratuitous information that the house was full.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said my companion in an eager voice from the coach window.

The sleepy mixer of liquors wet his thumb and finger, and snuffed two huge coffins from the wick of the candle, then sheltering it with his hand, he walked towards the lady with his head protruded inquisitively, and looked at her a minute in perfect silence.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" thundered I, enforcing the question with a smart slap on the shoulder, for I thought he was not fully awake.

"Be sure!" said the bar-keeper. But still he stood holding the candle to the lady's face, not at all disturbed either by the emphasis of my question or the pathos of Master John, who was crying lustily to get out. The driver by this time had got off the big trunk, and the little trunk, and the band-box and the bag, and the two baskets, and stood beside the heap very impatient of the delay.

"What the d—! do you mean?" said I, getting into a passion. "If Captain Thompson is here, take your candle away from the lady's face, and go up and tell him his wife and child have arrived."

"Wife and child?" echoed the fellow, backing slowly into the house, with an incredulous grin crawling slowly over his dull face—"wife and child?" And he coolly drew his slipshod feet over the threshold and bolted the door. The driver looked at me, and I looked at Mrs. Thompson.

"You are sure?"—I saw a tear in her eye, and left the sentence unfinished. I could not doubt her. "The bar-keeper must be drunk," said the driver opportunely; and believing in my soul that the driver was right, I thumped away once more at the door. In a few minutes the master of the house answered the summons from a chamber window.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said I.

"Yes sir."

"Will you be kind enough to tell him his wife and child are at the door?"

"Wife and child!" said Boniface, repeating my words very slowly; "I have always understood that Captain Thompson was a bachelor."

Mrs. Thompson leaned back in the coach and sobbed audibly.

"It's no consequence what you have always understood, sir—will you convey that message to Capt. Thompson, or not?"

He withdrew his head, and came down presently to the door. "I have no objection to showing you Capt. Thompson's room, sir," said he, "and you may carry your own message; but I assure you he'll be very likely to pitch you over the banisters for your intelligence."

I took the candle, and mounted after him three flights of stairs. He stopped at the landing, and pointing to a door at the extremity of the entry renewed his caution. I proceeded, however, and rapped boldly on the panel. A gruff "Come in," was the imme-

diate answer; and opening the door, I walked up to the bed, and touched my hat as courteously as I knew how.

"Have I the honor of addressing Captain Thompson?"

As I asked the question, I raised the candle, and got a fair look at the premises. On a bachelor's bed, narrow and well tucked up, lay a man of the heaviest frame, whiskered to the eyes, with a fist as it lay doubled on the coverlid like the end of the club of Hercules. A fiery lock of hair, redder than his face, (I feel as if I was using a hyperbole) straggled out from a black silk handkerchief twisted tightly round his head, and his nose and mouth and chin, masses of solid purple, might have been, for a delicacy of outline, hewn with a broad axe from a mahogany log. He looked at me just about as long as I have been writing this description before he answered my question.

"What do you want?" he bolted at last, as if the words were forced out of his mouth with a catapult.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Sir, but—but—(I took a backward position as I approached the crisis of my sentence, and stood prepared to run) Mrs. Thompson and little John are at the door—and—and—"

A loud laugh from the landlord in the entry cut off the sequel of my explanation, and completed my dismay. I looked at the Captain's fist, and stole a glance over my shoulder to see if the door was open, and then the thought of Mrs. Thompson in tears shamed my courage back again, and I recovered my first position. The captain raised himself slowly upon his elbow, and lowering his shaggy eyebrows till they met his whiskers, fixed his eyes upon me, and prepared to speak. If he had levelled two pistols at me, I should have been less frightened.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-Water," said he, in a voice as deliberate and decided as the fall of a sledge-hammer, (I was a slender student in these days, and paler than usual of course.) "I'll tell you what, if you are not out of this room in two minutes with your Mrs. Thompson and little John, I'll slam you through that window—if I don't—me!"

The threat was definite: I doubted neither his inclination nor his power to keep it. My heart was grieved for Mrs. Thompson; but if I was thrown down to her from a fourth-story window, I reflected that I should probably be in no situation to express my sympathy. It was philosophy to retreat. I bade the Captain good night in my gentlest tone; and as I turned away with some alacrity, he grasped a glass of brandy and water that stood on the light-stand, and muttering "Mrs. Thompson and little John" between his teeth, drank it at a gulp. As I passed through the door, the tumbler whizzed past my head like a shot, and shivered to atoms on the entry wall.

I found Mrs. Thompson and little John in a very moving state of unhappiness. They were decidedly on my hands—that was clear. If it had been at any other hour, I would have taken them home till the mystery could be cleared up; but to arrive from college unexpectedly at midnight with a woman and child—I thought it highly improbable that my motives would be appreciated.

"I say, Sir," said the driver, as I stood pondering the case, "hadn't you better take her to the stage house and leave the matter till morning?"

It was sensible advice, and I got in and comforted Mrs. Thompson as we drove to Hanover street. The first person that appeared on the step of the tavern door was another Captain Thompson, a stout, handsome fellow, who took "Mrs. Thompson and little John" into his arms at one clasp, and kissed them—as one might be supposed to after a three years' voyage.

I heard in the course of a day or two, that a rough old sea Captain at the Mulborough, who had been there, off and on, for thirty years, and had always sworn himself a bachelor, had been awaked at midnight by the arrival of a wife and child whom he had deserted in some foreign port, and had gone to sea very suddenly. The last part of the communication was a great relief to my mind.

MAJ. GEN. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

When the claims of the veteran warriors of the revolution have been made topics of discussion, the Government of the United States have been liberally, and as I think, justly charged with neglect and ingratitude towards this distinguished and experienced chief, the wisest in councils of war, but sometimes unfortunate in the field. Of his sagacity, quick discernment, sound judgment, and courage, there can be no doubt; and that he rendered important services during the war of the revolution is most certain, although not so generally known, recognized and appreciated. As an instance of such services, this may be selected. When General Washington, with his small, but heroic and magnanimous army, was driven by a powerful British force through the state of New Jersey to the Bank of the

Delaware river at Trenton, he was, it being late in the evening, permitted to encamp; the British commander feeling confident of taking him and his whole army the next morning.

After encamping, the American Commander in Chief summoned a council of war, and requested the advice of the members relative to their situation, and the steps proper to be taken to extricate them from the impending danger. General St. Clair, who appears to have been particularly acquainted with the country, gave it as his opinion, that the fires next the enemy should be renewed, and that the army should with the utmost possible silence move off, and by a road little frequented, march back to Princeton, and thence to Brunswick, destroy the British stores in that place, and seize the military chest. This plan was immediately approved, and the march successfully commenced and continued until the army approached Princeton, when unfortunately it met two or three regiments of the enemy, and an engagement took place; the firing of the cannon first announcing to the enemy at Trenton that they had been out-generaled. By the time these regiments, which had been ordered on to Trenton during the night, were routed, the army from that place were in close pursuit of the Americans; the attempt on Brunswick was, of course, rendered too dangerous and desperate, and how to escape became a question difficult and perplexing. At this critical moment, St. Clair again came forward, and advised that the American army should quickly strike off at a tangent, and march into the highlands, where the British would not dare to follow, and again risk the safety of their stores. Complete success attended the stratagem; the British expedition was defeated, and Washington, other valuable officers, and our little army saved.

My object, however, is not to give a history of General St. Clair's military services, but to explain the causes which in his old age reduced him to indigence; in order that the citizens of this generation, especially the youth of the present day, may estimate, understandingly, his claims and the charges of ingratitude against his country, when these subjects are brought into view; and I am particularly anxious to assert that his poverty was not the consequence of unworthy and criminal conduct in advanced life. For the friendship, kindness, and hospitality I have experienced from himself and family, I owe to his memory more than I think it necessary to state in a newspaper article.

The family of this faithful patriot resided in Ligonier valley, near the old fort Ligonier, in Pennsylvania. In this valley, and contiguous to it, he had secured several tracts of land for himself and children. At the family residence were a saw-mill and a flour or merchant mill, and the mansion was for a long time a large cabin built of unhewn logs.

He was appointed during the Presidency of Washington, and continued during that of Adams, Governor of the north western Territory; but on the accession of Jefferson, he was immediately removed. The alleged cause I cannot now distinctly explain. From year to year he was obliged to attend at the Seat of Government, endeavoring to obtain a settlement of his accounts, which, of course, was extremely injurious to his interest.

Sometime after this, iron ore was discovered on his land, near the foot of Laurel hill, (a great mountain,) and expecting to improve the circumstances of himself and children, and probably to benefit the western country, he resolved to erect iron works, borrowed money, was unsuccessful, and like some other respectable gentlemen in Pennsylvania, who made similar attempts, and were like him, unacquainted with the management of the business, was disappointed and ruined.

AN OLD PENNSYLVANIAN.

Dutch Auction. It is the invariable practice throughout Holland, to bid down instead of up, as the auctioneer pleases; if nobody bids he lowers the price, and continues lowering until some person cries "Mine," and then the person who so claims it is entitled to it.

La Fayette in the last century. Gibbon, the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," writes as follows in one of his letters: "We take chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with 130,000 livres a year, the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's Yacht, and he has gone to join the Americans. The Court appears to be angry with him."—La Fayette is now minus the fortune, the "de" and the Marquisate, but the anger of the court still remains to him.

Anecdote. A Scotchman, anxious, as usual, to exalt the honor of his native land, asserted that London was by no means the biggest town in Britain. "It's a big place, I'll allow, mon," said he, "but in my country there is a town still bigger!" and, on referring to the map, his assertion was found true, for there was duly inserted a town called "Biggar."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 4, 1831.

MATERNAL INGENUITY:

OR, TRYING TO HOOK A BACHELOR.

"Dont you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long, the other evening to Mr. Short, as she was sitting beside him on the sofa, and Zephyrina was playing the harp. Mrs. Long had several daughters to dispose of, and Mr. Short was a bachelor well to do in the world. His temper was a little crabbed, and his wit a little sarcastic; but Mrs. Long had daughters to marry, the eldest of whom, Zephyrina, was none of the youngest. Her precise age we do not know, and if we did, it would not be polite to mention it.

"Dont you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long with a glance of maternal satisfaction.

"Umph!" muttered Mr. Short, as he tapped his snuff box for the third time, "very much like a figure 5 I think!"

"A figure 5!" said Mrs. Long, a little mortified, though she knew the disposition of Mr. Short. "A figure 5 do you say, Mr. Short? Oh, now you must be thinking of your interest table. Compare my daughter Zephyrina to a figure 5! Fie, fie on you, Mr. Short! you'll never get married as long as you live."

"If I dont, it will be no fault of yours, Mrs. Long," said Mr. Short, as he threw a large pinch of snuff up his nose.

"True, true," said Mrs. Long, with a look of great kindness, "I take an interest in the welfare of my neighbors, and like to see all the single gentlemen provided for. Dont you think Zephyrina plays the harp and sings with a great deal of taste?"

"I think her execution is uncommon."

"I'm glad you approve it, Mr. Short."

"I didn't say I approved it, Mrs. Long; I merely said 'twas uncommon—very much like the noise of two cats in a gutter."

"Oh you shocking man! Mr. Short—you've no taste, no feeling."

"But I can hear very sensibly, Mrs. Long," putting his fingers in his ears.

"You've no music in your soul, as Handmill says."

"That cursed noise has driven it all out."

"Indeed, Zephyrina's voice is not exactly in tune to night; but I think she plays and sings remarkably well, for one of her age, dont you, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! ay—for that matter, she is indeed rather old to learn."

"Old! Mr. Short?"

"Ay, madam, you know they learn these things much better in their young days."

"How old do you take my daughter Zephyrina to be, Mr. Short?"

"Lord! ma'am, how should I know? I was 'nt at the christening. But she's no chicken."

"As true as I'm alive, Mr. Short, she's only nine—"

"And twenty, Mrs. Long? Well, I'm not a judge of these matters, but I should say—"

"She looks ten years older than she really is. She has a very womanly look, for one of her age—dont you think she has, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she has some resemblance to a woman."

"She was as forward at fifteen, though I say it, as most girls are at twenty-five."

"I hate your forward chits."

"But you dont understand me, Mr. Short; I mean she was as forward in all womanly accomplishments, and in a womanly appearance."

"Oh, as to the appearance, I could swear she had been a woman these dozen years."

Dancing was now proposed, and as Mr. Short protested against shaking the foot, even though Zephyrina was ready to be his partner, Mrs. Long still entertained him with the accomplishments of her daughter.

"Dont you admire Zephyrina's dancing, Mr. Short?"

"I cant say that I am a judge of those small matters, Mrs. Long."

"You're too modest, Mr. Short."

"It's a rare fault, Mrs. Long."

"Observe with what grace she moves; I really think she dances remarkably, for one of her age, dont you think so, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she dances much better than the elephant. In fact, the elephant is a very clumsy dancer."

"Fie, fie on you! Mr. Short, to compare my daughter Zephyrina to a four legged beast."

"Why, that's not her fault, you know ma'am."

"Whose fault?"

"Why, your daughter's, that she wasn't made a beastess too, as you call the elephant."

"I hope no insinuations, Mr. Short."

"Oh Lord! no, ma'am, I hav'nt an insinuating turn."

"Dont you think Zephyrina is just about the right height?"

"I think she's rather Long."

"Do you indeed, Mr. Short? I hope you dont think it an objection."

"Objection! Oh by no means—she may be Long—ay, as long as she pleases—I've no objection."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Short. Zephyrina is certainly rather tall of her age."

"I hate a beanpole."

"How your mind is always wandering from the point, Mr. Short. If I talk of music, you talk of cats in a gutter; if I speak of a lady's dancing, you talk of the movements of an elephant; if I speak of a tall young woman, you immediately fly away to a beanpole."

"That is my misfortune, Mrs. Long."

"Well, well, every body must have their little peculiarities. Did I ever show you my daughter Zephyrina's drawings?"

"Of beer, or cider?"

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Short?"

"Why, I dont pretend to know, I'm sure, ma'am."

"I spoke about Zephyrina's drawings, and you talk about beer or cider. I mean her drawings of birds and flowers, Mr. Short."

"Oh—ay—yes—I understand you."

"Just step to this table, Mr. Short, and we can examine them to more advantage. There! what do you think of that, Mr. Short?"

"That's a beautiful crow."

"A crow! Mr. Short—ha! ha! ha! a crow! Why, what in the world can you be thinking of? That's a robin redbreast."

"Well, I dare say it is, now you mention it Mrs. Long—but I really took it to be a crow.—The truth is, these things should always have the names written underneath."

"So I told Zephyrina—but la! she said they'd speak for themselves."

"Caw! Caw!—I beg your pardon, ma'am, that's the note of a crow, and now I recollect you said this was a robin redbreast."

"This was one of Zephyrina's first attempts; the next is more perfect. Look at this, Mr. Short," turning over a leaf.

"What a pretty looking gosling!"

"Oh murder! Mr. Short—I thought you was a man of more taste."

"I admire a young goose, well stuffed and roasted."

"But I mean in drawing."

"Did you ever see me draw a cork, Mrs. Long?"

"Nonsense! Now you've got from beer and cider to corks. A gosling indeed! Why, this is a goldfinch, Mr. Short."

"I'm very glad you informed me, Mrs. Long, for really my taste in painted birds is so small, that I took that to be a gosling. Ah, what's here? A codfish, as I'm alive, and a charming one it is."

"Oh, Mr. Short, Mr. Short, how can you be so stupid? That's a butterfly."

"Is that a butterfly! Mrs. Long? do you say, upon your honor, that codfish is a butterfly?"

"Fie! fie! Mr. Short; I've as good a mind, as ever I had to eat, not to show you another living thing. You've no taste in ornithology. Perhaps you'll like the flowers better. Isn't that beautiful?"

"What! that cabbage? I never could abide a cabbage."

"Cabbage! Oh shocking! call that rose a cabbage."

"Is that a rose?"

"Indeed it is, a damask rose. Look at this, Mr. Short."

"What, that mullein? Well, that is pretty I must confess—it's as natural as life."

"That's a carnation, Mr. Short."

"Oh! a carnation, is it? well I dare say you're right—yes, it must be a carnation, now I think of it."

"Dont you think, on the whole, Mr. Short, that Zephyrina draws surprisingly for one of her age?"

"I must confess I never saw the like."

"I'm charmed to hear you say so, Mr. Short—the approbation of a man of taste is highly gratifying."

"I've very little taste in these things, as I said before."

"Take a piece of this cake, Mr. Short, and a glass of wine. The cake is of Zephyrina's own making."

"Umph!"

"Light as a cork—dont you find it so?"

"Heavy as a grindstone," muttered Mr. Short—"Shan't be able to sleep a wink to-night—terrible thing for the dyspepsia. I'll take another glass of wine, if you please, ma'am. Confound the cake!"

"Zephyrina, dear, I wish you'd entertain Mr. Short a few moments, while I—"

"I'll take my leave, Mrs. Long. Good night."

Mr. Short took his leave, and Mrs. Long declared to her daughter Zephyrina, that she thought any further attempt to catch the crabbed old bachelor, would be labor thrown away, and that she should presently bait her hook for some smaller fry.

THE HOGS OF NEW-YORK.

A question 'tis, and mooted strong,
Between the citizens and swine,
To which the streets do most belong,
Of this most glorious city:—
The hogs they claim "the right divine"
And say it is a monstrous pity,
That man should 'bove his nature soar—
That creatures, having but two feet,
Should dare presume to walk the street
Along with creatures having four.

While thus the matter's in dispute,
Between the human and the brute,
The following scene,
Though crowds did not attest,
Would scarce, I wean,
Be deemed a rhyming jest.

An alderman late was walking one day,
And leisurely musing along in Broadway,
Forgetful of men, forgetful of swine,
And thinking of venison, turtle and wine;
When along came a porker under full sail,
A devil in his eye and a kink in his tail,
And, running between the alderman's legs,
He lifted him clean from his walking pegs—
For short was the alderman, tall was the hog,
That legged like a duck, and thus like a dog.

Away they went, as if the devil
Was in the wind and at the heel;
And, by the bristles holding fast,
The alderman he shouted loud
To all the gazers as he past,
Among the rudely laughing crowd—
"Stop the hog! stop the hog!" in tones of fright,
"Stop the hog! stop the hog!" with all his might;
"Clear the way! clear the way!" spectators cried,
"Clear the way! clear the way!" resounded wide;
"Oo-ush! oo-ush!" the porker said,
"Oo-ush! oo-ush!" at every tread.

Thus on they went in furious style,
The alderman forgot the while,
'Tis confidently said, his dinner,
While many a jibe and many a joke
And many a laugh unfeeling broke
From out the lips of many a sinner.

Thus novelly they swept along
Amidst the ever-varied throng
That occupy Broadway;
Oversetting all that did oppose,
Till sweeps and porters, belles and beaux
Flat in the gutter lay.

They coursed Broadway for near a mile
In this unique and pleasing style,
When, turning through an open door,
The bristly steed his rider bore
Into a china shop;

And plunging mid the brittle wares,
Towards a flight of cellar stairs,
He made a sudden stop—
While o'er his head the rider rolled,
And crying out, "I'm sold! I'm sold!"

He on the cellar bottom lay,
As flat as a fish
In a chafing dish,
Upon the dark, the damp cold clay.

There let him rest—for why should he
Emerge again to day,
While porkers promenaded as free
As e'er along Broadway!

"RENDER UNTO CESAR," &c. Sundry of our exchange papers insist upon crediting to the Commercial Advertiser our journal of a "Half day's Excursion with a Handful of Bills." Now as we had to endure the labor of to excursion, it is no more than fair that we should have the credit of it. Indeed we doubt very much whether Col. Stone ever took such a *trampoose* in all his life.

CROSSING STREETS. The Philadelphians and New-Yorkers may be distinguished from each other by their manner of crossing a street—the former always crossing it at right angles; and the latter frequently at an angle of forty-five degrees.

LECTION DAY.

By the late amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts, the meeting of the Legislature in that state is to take place in January instead of May. The cold "winter of their discontent" is to be substituted for the season of joyousness and of flowers. Instead of two sessions, there is hereafter to be but one.

This will be a saving of dollars and of cents. But what is to become of the jollifications, which, for two centuries past, have annually returned on the last Wednesday of May? How are the people to do without them? How are the clergymen, "with good fat capon lined," who used to congregate at Boston on that pleasant occasion, to do hereafter without their 'Llection dinner? How are they to get through the coming year, without having seen His Excellency, the Governor, take his chair on the accustomed day? They will be lost—lost—and if the shepherds are lost, what is to become of the sheep? To Boston went the country ministers to fill their horns, as it were, at the fountain head—to replenish their orthodoxy and polish their manners. There was something humanizing in the effect of meeting together, on the joyous anniversary, in the Literary Emporium—something of a softening and christianizing influence in assembling in that good old-fashioned way, and in that genial season, the year.

But the children will have most cause to regret the amendment of the Constitution and lament the reforming wisdom of their fathers. How will they be able to get along without their accustomed holiday? "that day, for which (in their estimation) all other days were made?" We will remember the pleasures of that day—'Llection Day—there was joy in the very sound. That was the only day in the year, for which it was worth while to save money—to hoard up the odd pence and half-pence which occasionally fall to the youngster's lot; all other days were cheerless, wearisome and unhappy, compared to it. Then 'Llection cake was made by the bushel—its inside full of delicious qualities—its outside richly covered with a coating of sweet varnish. Then amusements were planned; then were hunting matches and fishing parties made; then was she quitted hurled in the air; then were cricket, base, and long-ball played; then were sports of every kind, appropriate to the season, sought after and enjoyed with peculiar zest. Then cousins came from afar to partake of the pleasures of 'Llection Day—then boys and girls were merry as grasshoppers on a summer's noon, and happy as heart could wish.

What now will the youngsters of Massachusetts do for a grand holiday? Will they substitute a day in January for a day in May? Can Winter with his snowy locks ever delight the mind or charm the senses like Spring with her flowery tresses? Will the cold blasts of January ever be acceptable as the warm breathings of May? Never; boys may slide on the ice and go coasting down the hills; parsons may visit Boston, eat their roast turkey, and see the Governor inducted into his seat—but never can the idea of a genuine 'Llection Day—a good old-fashioned 'Llection Day—be transferred from blooming May to icy January. It will freeze in the operation. Thanksgiving and Christmas belong to winter, but never can one, who has regularly eaten his 'Llection cake in the month of May, think of enjoying the same in the cold season of January.

We intended, when we commenced this article, merely to notice the amendment of the Constitution of our native state, and not to preach a homily on the abolition of 'Llection Day—or on the demise of "General Election," as expressed in the following obituary notice, which we copy from the Salem Observer.

"Expired in this State, on the 25th of May, 1831, at the advanced age of 200 years, General May Election. He was one of the first settlers of the State, and held an office in the State Government for a long period; but the people, actuated by a spirit of 'reform' and 'retrenchment,' voted to displace an old and long tried servant, which was the immediate cause of his death. He has ever been distinguished for the gaiety and jollity of his disposition;—on the last Wednesday of May, his gala day, he usually appeared in high spirits, with a plume of lilacs in his hat, and a breast knot of tulips;—was a great promoter of merry-meetings and a great favorite of the young lads and lasses, who sincerely lament his exit."

KEEP COOL. The season of the year has now come upon us, when this should be the ruling motto; when every thing, whether relating to the body or the mind, should be avoided, which tends to make one warm—such as all undue exercise, all unnecessary eating and drinking, all superfluity of talking, all falling in love, all meddling in politics, and all fidgeting or getting in a passion.

INVALID'S ORACLE. Messrs. J. & J. Harper have just published Dr. Kitchener's work, entitled "The Invalid's Oracle," containing "Direct-

tions for Invigorating and Prolonging Life."—This book, consisting of a single volume, is uniform in size and appearance with those of the Family Library. From the character of the author and the nature of the subjects treated upon, we should judge this must be a valuable work. The homely adage that "An ounce of Prevention is worth a pound of Cure," is not to be despised; and those who have suffered the miseries of ill health and the expenses of a doctor's bill, will require no argument to convince them of its truth.

SATURDAY COURIER. The editor of this paper has met our rap over the knuckles with excellent good grace, and given us a sweetener in return. For the latter, as Dr. Olapod says, "I owe you one." But hark, sir, with our fore-finger beside our nose, we would just hint to you that the paper containing the promise of amendment, also contains two articles from the Constellation—both un-accredited—to wit, "The Philosophy of Smoking," and a bit of a dialogue between a grocer's clerk and a purchaser, signed "Jonathan."

DEBILITORY SELECTIONS.

From a late London Paper.

STOCK EXCHANGE—GAMBLING—SUICIDE.

Yesterday morning an inquest was held before William Payne, Esq. the city Coroner, at the Red Lion, Shoe Lane, as early as ten o'clock, to investigate the circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Macpherson, a woollen draper on Holborn Hill. The body was found in a sitting posture, on a chair, one pistol grasped in his left hand, another lying on the ground at his feet, and his face and shirt deluged in blood. In the forehead was an orifice of considerable extent, from which the blood had flowed. The following evidence was adduced:—Mr. Robson, a Blackwell hall factor, deposed that the deceased had, for a number of years past, speculated to a considerable amount on the Stock Exchange, in which he lost and gained large sums of money. At an early hour that morning, Monday, he was surprised at receiving a visit from the deceased, who said he called upon him for the purpose of asking him to take a short walk. Witness, previous to seeing him that morning, had received a letter from him requesting the loan of from 400*l.* to 800*l.*; but on walking out with him, as requested, he then said "it would be of no avail; that he would not rob him by taking the money," and at the same time made some allusions to his intention of committing suicide. Witness, at the moment, not exactly hearing the words he had uttered, took no notice of them, and having in some degree noticed him, left, promising to see him again in the course of the day, when, most probably he would bring him the sum requested—800*l.* or, at all events, he, the witness, would lend him four hundred pounds himself. They parted at the end of Princess street, near the Bank, and witness proceeded to his broker to get the money, and in the evening went to the deceased's house, where, in his counting house, he communicated to him his success in having obtained the money, and again endeavored to rouse him, knowing that his affairs were not of that nature to create towards his creditors any anxiety, and requested, aware that he kept pistols, that if he had any weapons to give them up to him. Deceased replied, "you need not apprehend any harm;" and while he, witness, was in the act of leaving the room, the former, turning up a portfolio, which lay on the desk, took from underneath a brace of pistols, and, as he supposed, placing both to his forehead, shot himself, and instantly fell back on a chair, before he, witness, was aware of his intention. Witness here produced the letter alluded to, which related to pecuniary matters, and requesting he, Mr. Robson, would be one of his executors, ending with the emphatic words, "Pray do. Don't refuse me!" A young man, many years a confidential clerk in the deceased's employ, deposed to his being called into the counting house previous to Mr. Robson's appearance, and receiving from the deceased two notes of 5*l.* each, as a testimony of his approbation of his general conduct during the time he had been in his service, adding, that he had lost and made immense sums in the Stock Exchange! but that the losses he had lately sustained had broken his heart! He then said, "You have been a faithful servant, take this book, (handing the Bible,) and swear that you be a friend to my children, faithful to them as you have been to me." Witness did so, and afterwards the deceased appeared more comfortable, but repeated again the circumstance of his having lost immense sums on the Stock Exchange. Verdict—"Insanity." The deceased has left two children, orphans, his wife having died about three months ago.

From the Alexandria Gazette. MANUEL CARTUCHO, A PIRATE.

I was one evening in company with several officers of the Navy, when the conversation, turning upon the then recent trial of Com. Porter, by an easy transition settled upon the transaction of the anti-Piratical squadron commanded by that officer in the West Indies. Many incidents and personal adventures growing out of that service were related by several of the company, one of which arrested my attention so forcibly, that my memory has retained the subject of the story distinctly, even after the lapse of several years. An officer, (a youth of about twenty years of age) after a momentary pause in the conversation began, as nearly as I can recollect, in these words: Several of you, doubtless, remember that fierce and indomitable Pirate, Manuel Cartucho—captured by Stirling on one of his boat expeditions. Carr, who left us just at this moment, was present at the fight, and I think told me saved his life. When the boats boarded the piratical schooner, which the pirates had run upon the rocks during the chase on the coast of Cuba, those who were not shot down, leaped from the vessel to the rocks, and made their way into the woods under a heavy fire from our seamen. Manuel fought like a lion, and was the last to throw down his arms and take to flight. He had tarried too long, however, to escape. Before he reached the bows of the schooner an old boatswain's mate was upon him. All hopes of escape vanishing, Manuel, as his last resource in the emergency, threw himself on his knees, and with uplifted hands, implored the interposition of the Holy Virgin. When I first saw them, says C. the old tar was picking his flint with his jack-knife, having apparently just snapped the piece, proceeded to adjust the fire lock with all the indifference imaginable—one extremity to his own brawny shoulder, and the other to the pirate's ear. I got up in time to throw aside the muzzle before it exploded;—another instant, and Manuel would have been saved much of the inconvenience to which he was subsequently subjected. He was the only prisoner we made.

Manuel was conveyed to Thompson's Island, our head-quarters, and delivered over to the Commodore, who had occasion to admire the fearless intrepidity and Herculean strength of the pirate. One fine evening Manuel was brought upon the top-gallant forecastle of the ship, to breathe the fresh air and cool his irons, when his aquatic predilections entirely overcome his consciousness of present security and ease; and, dashing through the mass of astonished seamen, plunged into a rapid seaward tide, which bore as many greedy sharks within its bosom as "bubbles" on its surface "onward." But he "was, as it were, a child" of the ocean; and the monsters of the deep turned from him as one of their familiars. The pirate had drifted, perhaps, a hundred fathoms from the ship before a boat was manned and despatched in pursuit. But Manuel was no drowning rat to catch at straws; he was bound to the Island, its tangled and impenetrable mangroves for a shelter from the spoiler; he yawned and dipped like a crippled loon duck, as the boat shot up with him. It was vanity, even in a Cuba fisherman who strangles the shark in his own coral den, to strive with the light cutter of a sloop, that leaves the dolphin in its wake. After a fierce struggle, during which Manuel nearly succeeded in his efforts to capsize the light boat, when he would have drowned the crew like so many puppies; they hauled him by the hair into the gig; where, like the savage wolf taken by the hunter, he crouched without a growl, in sullen expectation of his fate, was taken on board the ship and more securely ironed.

The prize schooner, (the Pilot) a few days after this event, was ordered home for adjudication, and Manuel was sent on board to stand his trial on his arrival at Norfolk, the place of destination. S. commanded the schooner; myself and Midshipman B. of N. Jersey, were his only officers—For a crew we had ten or a dozen skeleton invalids, worn out by disease and dismissed the squadron for infirmity. Beside the officers there were but two able bodied hands on board. From some cause unaccountable to me, S. ordered Manuel's irons to be knocked off; and suffered him to go at large during the passage home. Nor did he seem undeserving this forbearance; but behaved with propriety, and soon ingratiated himself, and won the pity of every one on board the schooner. He attached himself particularly to me; and night and day, Manuel was, in conjunction with my watch, actively engaged in the duties of the vessel. He often sought an opportunity of conversing with me on my lonely mid-watch, when the helmsman even was nodding on the tiller, dreaming perhaps, of sailing on whole

oceans of "Jamaica," and also all on board buried in profound sleep; at these moments he would bewail the untimely end to which he was speedily approaching—protest his innocence of crime—and endeavor to awaken my sympathy in his behalf. He would then weep like an infant; and signs which I now comprehend, (for I was then not a Mason) were made to bear witness to his veracity and innocence.

He was under the impression that we had been sent to sea to punish him for his crimes, and that a hard-featured old boatswain mate on board was to be his executioner: he lived in daily expectation that the sun would witness his execution; and it seems that he had prepared for the event.

We made Cape Henry light the morning of the tenth day, and having a fine easterly breeze, we were made happy with the promise of the pilot of reaching Norfolk before the setting of the sun. The gale "freshened as the day was done," and already the town of Norfolk began to appear amidst the haze of the evening, as we rounded Craney Island light. The pilot was a lad, and this was his essay in his art. He became confused as the soundings suddenly shoaled and packed us at high water on the shoal at Craney Island. We labored hard until the moon was high in air, and the tide had considerably fallen, when, abandoning all hopes of getting off until the vessel was disburthened of her stores, (about a hundred bags of coffee,) we thought of going to sleep off the fatigues of hard day's work. It was then I thought of our prisoner, and observed to S. as he went below, that at our little cockle shell of a boat was out, we had better secure the pirate. He told me to do so, I called Manuel to me, and at the same time told the B's mate to go below and get his irons. The pirate understood me, and heard the rattling of the irons as they were dragging out below. He thought that at last his time was come, and that these were the preparations for his execution. He became restive—muttered, and mingled his prayers for mercy with horrible imprecations. I told one near me to bring my pistols. He planted his fine form, like a bronze statue, upon the deck—threw up his outstretched arm to heaven, and, as the moonbeams played about his dark and rugged countenance, his black eye glowed like the living coal. He struck such terror into the souls of our dastard crew, that they quailed and blanched before his glance like stricken deer.

I ordered them to seize him. One bolder than the rest, raised an axe to strike him down. Manuel caught it as it fell, and, wrenching from the seaman's grasp the axe, poised it a moment in the air, smiled in bitter scorn upon the astonished circle as they shrunk before him, and hurled it into the sea. The tiger springs not from his lair so suddenly as Manuel leaped upon me, seizing me by the throat. Another bound, and he was "many a fathom deep into the sea." My messmate B. had overheard the noise, and although undressed, rushed on deck to see the cause. He was just in time to throw his arms around my body, as Manuel with me in his giant grasp, leapt overboard. My clothes gave way, and the robber went alone! Stirred to fury by the spirit moving scene, I sprang into our little boat, closely followed by my messmate, and, without time for thought, pushed off in pursuit of Manuel. We should have shot him from the deck—it was now too late, though hailed to give room to do so. We were close upon him; as we shot up with him, B. struck him a stunning blow with the blade of his oar, seized him by the hair, and Manuel, nothing loth, half lugged, half leaped into the boat. He saw his advantage. We were now adrift in the only boat belonging to the schooner—the tide fast carrying us into the broad waters of the bay—the nut-shell of a skiff scarce large enough to hold us all—and two slight youths to contest its possession and his liberty. He sprang like a madman to the assault—in another instant we were rolling in the bottom of the boat, locked in each other's arms—in no paternal embrace, believe me. I shall never cease to recollect the death-like silence of the first fearful moment we struggled for the mastery, and, long after the night of time had softened the outlines of that night-scene, have I heard the wild shrieks and stifled groans that issued from that lonely boat. The conflict was long and doubtful—not an instant was the close hug in which we were entangled relaxed—there was no room to strike a blow—the pirate had not time to draw a Spanish knife concealed beneath his vest—with hands and teeth fixed on each other's throats, smothered groans and blackened visage bespoke its progress. He strove at times to overturn the boat—at others to pitch headlong with us into the sea. An unsuccessful effort to do this, brought my messmate and myself both upon him for the first time. The boat lurched, and he fell

heavily across the stern with both upon his breast. He had crushed my right hand in his teeth—my left and both of B's were upon his throat to strangle him—one of the pirate's arms was under us, and our teeth were closely fastened on the other. The pirate was evidently fast giving way—my hand dropped from his relaxed jaws—his face blackened under the pressure of our gripe—he soon ceased to breathe—

We now for the first time, gave an ear to cries at no great distance from us—cries for assistance—screams of a drowning man. We recognized the voice of one of our crew. He had doubtless jumped from the schooner to swim to our aid—and we drifting so fast with the tide, the poor fellow was exhausted, and had lost sight of the boat. What was to be done? The pirate might be only partially strangled; if left while we were saving the seaman, he might recover and renew the fight. We were already exhausted to the last extremity—a few words passed to this effect between us—and we resolved to rid us of the pirate. We launched him headlong into the sea, and a few bubbles "showed where he was."—Taking the seats which had been overthrown in the struggle, (for we had lost our oars at once,) and directed by voices becoming feebler every moment, with great difficulty we paddled to our poor fellows and picked them up. It was as we supposed—they had swam to our assistance, but were unable to reach the boat. We were now four in all. B and myself, entirely overcome, stretched in the bottom of the boat—drifting very quietly into Hampton Roads at midnight, without an oar, sail, or rudder. Happily for us, the schooner's signal guns, of which she had fired several, brought a boat full manned from a vessel in the Roads. This was sent in pursuit, and soon came up with us. We reached our schooner about two in the morning, worn out and exhausted with fatigue.

The rest is very easily told. Manuel was not dead when we threw him overboard—the sudden plunge into the water soon revived the almost extinguished vital spark—he revived, and swam ashore about a mile! He was pursued and taken by a party of U. S. troops two days after, whom he resisted to the last—suffering several shots to be fired before he yielded. I conveyed him to the Norfolk prison, amidst the shouts of assembled multitudes, and delivered the stern villain into the hands of Justice.—His throat was swollen and his face turgid—he could scarcely articulate, and when questioned by me pointed to his throat. I could have done so two with as much propriety. He was tried by Judge Marshal, condemned, and pardoned by Monroe. Manuel still lives, the terror of honest traders "in the Indies."

Death of Prince Napoleon Louis, son of Louis Bonaparte, Ex-King of Holland.—In the London Court Journal, of the 16th ult., is the subjoined account of the event:—

"BOLOGNA, March 18th.

Death of Napoleon's favorite Nephew.—When the youthful detachment from this place were on their march into Romagna, two young men joined their ranks, and were hailed with tumultuous cheers.—One of them lies this moment in the arms of death. He was Napoleon's favorite nephew; the conqueror delighted to have him about his person; but he has been snatched from us in the bloom of life, and at an hour when a wide and glorious prospect opened upon his view. From his mental, as well as corporeal endowments, he was justly looked up to as the hope of his family; his amiable manners, cheerful temper, and cultivated talents, were the pride and solace of his fallen relatives. He had led a retired life at Florence, in which domestic enjoyments were intermingled with literary and scientific pursuits. His translation of Tacitus had established his reputation as a scholar, when he was roused from the bosom of learned seclusion, suffered himself to be borne away by the stream, and quickly sunk its victim. The stirring scenes of toil and fatigue into which he was now thrown, undermined his health; he expired yesterday, after a short illness, at Forli. His bereaved parents, his wife, and the venerable mother of a once imperial dynasty, are at this moment weeping over his bier."

Professor Henry of the Albany Academy, has had the honor of constructing by far the most powerful magnet that has been known. This magnet is now arranged in its frame, in the laboratory of Yale College; its weight including armature and all, is only 82 1/2 lbs and it attracts more than a ton! It is eight times more powerful than any magnet hitherto known in Europe, and between six and seven times more powerful than the great magnet in Philadelphia. Albany Eve Journal.

An Indignity. A medical man, who had just returned from securing the broken leg of an Arab, gave the following anecdote.—The patient complained of the accident, more than he thought became one of the tribe. The doctor remarked to him, and his answer was truly amusing. "Do you think, doctor," said he, "I should have uttered one word of complaint if my own high bred colt in a playful kick, had broken both my legs?—But to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass, is too bad, and I will complain."

From the Baltimore Minerva and Saturday Post.
THE TURKEY'S LEG.

It is necessary,
To which the gods must yield, and Fate,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.
Beaumont & Fletcher.

A strange title for a pathetic story, Mr. Editor—yet, I assume it for a very good reason; stories that have odd titles are very apt to be read—had I headed mine, "Mortified Pride"—perhaps it would stand a fair chance of passing into oblivion.

Once met with as noble a genius as was ever moulded out of clay; he was all heart and soul—he loved his friends, pitied his enemies, and had a half of his little store always ready for a fellow creature in distress. Such choice spirits are rare commodities now-a-days in this world of bustle and speculation, when they are met with, we generally find them to possess a counteracting passion—for where is the human being that is all perfection? Edgar Sinclair (this is as good a name as any) was of an ancient and honorable family; his parents, though possessing but a very limited fortune, instilled into their son the same aristocratic principles, they had inherited from their ancestors. He received a splendid education, the expenses of which almost impoverished his father, and when he entered the world he was obliged to select a profession whereby he could obtain a livelihood. He chose the law, as giving a free scope to his powers of eloquence. A brilliant intellect will not long remain in obscurity; the genius and wit of Edgar made him friends, and his poverty and excessive pride were soon lost in the admiration his associates betrayed for his high intellectual qualities. He became an accomplished poet, his songs were sung by romantic little misses with delight—his odes were recited on public occasions, and his *bon mots* even attributed to Dean Swift, Ben Johnson, Sheridan, &c. for no one ever thought of Joe Miller.

Edgar with all his strength of mind and nobleness of nature was weak enough to fall in love—and with an amiable and lovely girl too, who possessed every recommendation a poet could wish; a man of the world might say she wanted one thing—money. The story of their loves would be nothing uncommon, so I shall pass all that over. The affection was mutual, and so they got married in the usual way of forming a co-partnership.

Edgar Sinclair was, to use his own expression, born under an unlucky star with an iron spoon in his mouth. He loved his wife dearly, as all husbands should do, and he paid dearly for his love, for she was too lovely a girl to be snubbed at, and he too proud to allow her to appear a jot behind others in point of fashion. Things went on for a while swimmingly, for Edgar had friends who would help him out of difficulties. But, in the course of time, he was reduced to a minus quantity; i. e. he owed more than he had a prospect of paying. To confess poverty is to all men a task, to him it was degradation—his proud nature scorned it—he sold out all he had—paid what he could and left the rest to chance. His wife very wisely accommodated her desires to her husband's means, and he loved her ten times more for it. Frequently they had to go without a dinner for the want of the ready to pay the butcher and the baker—such is the fate of genius.

The ready wit and humor of Edgar gave him a passport to the first circles; for many a purse-proud personage, while he loves to mark the bright scintillations of genius, little recked the grief that is cracking the heart-strings of the being from whom they emanate. He received an invitation from a Southern nabob to dine, which was, of course, accepted. His wife asked him, as he dressed himself for the feast with an appetite well whetted, if he would think of her while he sat at the sumptuous table? The hint was broad enough; Edgar kissed her care-worn cheeks, while a blush mantled his own, and told her he would not forget her.

All things went on smoothly—southerners are noble hosts, they know well how to cater for hungry guests. The table was richly laden with viands of various kinds. Edgar's jokes gave a zest to the whole, and, had it not been for one malapropos, the company might have separated grateful to the host and delighted with the humorist. But, there was mortification in store for Edgar, and, in fact for the whole company.

As the champagne was going its merry rounds, and all hearts were life with glee, the steward informed the host that two of his mazy table spoons were missing, and that the waiters had all been searched, and that the articles could not be found. A gentleman immediately proposed that each one present should be searched—but the host positively declined—he had too much respect for his friends—he could not for a moment suspect any gentleman present. But it would not do, the com-

pany insisted on being searched, and the host proceeded reluctantly to the task. After examining the pockets of several, he came to Edgar, on whose visage the white and red might be seen alternately coming and going.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sinclair—but it is the wish of the company."

"I—I—I—cannot be searched, Mr. P——" retorted Edgar, coloring highly—"my standing in society should place me above suspicion—and I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, I have not got the spoons."

A slight murmur went round the table, and Mr. P—— seemed very much agitated. "Oh! come, come, Sinclair," said a gentleman, "you certainly would not be singular in this case—turn your pockets inside out."

"When I need your advice, sir, I shall ask it," replied Edgar, coloring still more deeply—"I cannot submit to the search—it is a thing I am not used to—though I assure you all, gentlemen, on my honor, I know nothing of the spoons."

All entreaties were unavailing, Edgar would not allow his pockets to be touched; and he therefore stood accused of the theft!—Taking his hat and cane, and almost bursting over his wounded pride, though he endeavored with all his might not to expose the contest of feelings that raged within his bosom, he walked finally toward the door, and bowing to the company, retired. When he entered the street his feelings found vent, and he burst into tears—his honor stigmatized—his reputation ruined forever. His wife received him with her usual kindness; but he heeded her not, he retired to bed and passed a night more of phrensy than of repose.

In the morning he received a note from Mr. B——, desiring his immediate attendance at his house. Thither Edgar went, conscious of his innocence, and prepared to divulge his secret.

"Tell me," said Mr. B——, taking him kindly by the hand, "tell me sincerely, why you refused to be searched last evening, when the company proposed it?—I did not believe you guilty at the time, and my belief has since been verified—the spoons were thrown into the yard by a careless servant, who shook the cloth without examining it. Speak to me with confidence, I have ever thought you an honorable man."

After several struggles between pride and duty, Edgar replied—

"Your disinterested generosity, sir, commands my admiration; and I am not ashamed to confess to you that I have abused your liberality. I am poor, sir—miserably poor—at your table I sat myself with luxuries—I thought of my wife, who had not had a dinner for two days. A tempting leg of a turkey lay on the dish, I thought it no harm, you might have given it to your dogs—so I shyly slipped it into my handkerchief, and deposited it in my pocket. Judge of my mortification, sir, when the gentlemen proposed that we should be searched for the spoons—my poverty and meanness to be exposed—it was more than my pride would bear, and I refused—for, I would rather be accused of robbing the mail, than be guilty of embezzling the left leg of a Turkey."

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

JUDGE WHITE OF TENNESSEE.

The Hon. Hugh Lawson White is now about sixty years of age. He is a native of North Carolina, and was educated at the bar in Pennsylvania, where he pursued his legal studies with diligence and success. While yet a young man, he emigrated to Tennessee, while his learning and accuracy in his profession, especially in the doctrines of real property, and the soundness of his judgment, soon procured him a high reputation and extensive practice. When Tennessee was erected into a separate state, he became a member of the legislature, and was afterwards elected a judge of the supreme court of that state, at the time when the bench was graced by the learned and ingenious judge Haywood, one of the ablest lawyers of the United States in his time. In this situation he became as conspicuous for the impartiality and soundness of his opinions, as he had formerly been for his talents as an advocate. During the late war, when the southwestern states and territories were threatened with Indian invasion, Judge White was in the field as a volunteer, and on this occasion it was that he laid the foundation of that accurate and extensive knowledge of Indian affairs, which he has since displayed in Congress. In the year 1819, he was selected by President Monroe as a commissioner, with Mr. Tazewell, of Virginia, and Gov. King, of Maine, for the distribution among our citizens of five millions of dollars, allotted by the Florida treaty as an indemnity for Spanish spoliation between 1800 and 1815. Coming to the discharge of the duties of this appointment with little knowledge

of commercial law and commercial interest, from which his situation had hitherto separated him, he soon made himself familiar with those subjects, and became an able and efficient member of the board. His decisions respecting the claims—in which the merchants of this city and Boston were very largely interested, to the amount probably of three-fifths of the whole sum to be distributed—gave universal satisfaction, by their discrimination and equity.

In 1824, when Gen. Jackson resigned his place in the United States Senate, Judge White was elected for the two remaining years of the term, and afterwards for the six years of the succeeding term. He took his seat in the first congress of Mr. Adams' administration. He was an industrious and leading member of the judiciary, the military, and the Indian committees; in all the business of which, as well as in all matters relating to the public lands, he has proved himself a most able and efficient legislator. He is not a very frequent speaker, scrupulously abstaining from subjects not immediately connected with the duties of the committee to which he belongs, or which do not fall within the range of his own information and pursuits. When called upon, however, to deliver his opinion by a sense of public duty, he is one of the most able and effective speakers in the Senate. He is in an uncommon degree perspicuous, copious without useless digression, accurate in information, and forcible in argument. He is generally purely argumentative, but sometimes the force of an unexpected sarcasm shows with what power he might exercise that talent, if the natural kindness of his disposition did not restrain him.

Judge White is a man of venerable appearance, with grey hairs, of a spare mark, active in mind and body, of habits of great regularity and application to business. No man enjoys in a higher degree the respect and confidence of the citizens of his native state, and the love and esteem of his neighbors.

TACT AND TALENT.

Talent is something, but tact is every thing.—Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that and more too.—It is not the seventh sense, but it is the life of all five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times, it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, and tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact makes him respected; talent is wealth—tact ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable pieces, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on so fast; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it is the tight nail on the head; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them to church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers.—Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honor to profession, tact gains honor for the profession. Take them to court—talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Tact commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preference. Place them in the Senate; talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its hearts and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into a place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing without learning any thing.

It has served an invisible and extemporaneous apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of

wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano forte. It has all the air of common place, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *key presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point.—Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without wit, outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanting, tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded, tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour; talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marks table; it is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

London Atlas.

Even the Columbus Gazette.

THE FOREST WARRIORS.

A TALE.

"O War! one of thy worst-lodged wheels
Behold—Mr. Wood with force starts;
For not the least of thy effects,
Are ravaged feelings—broken hearts!"

William Belgrave had scarcely attained his twentieth year, when the late war between the United States and Great Britain commenced.—But few young men possessed a greater share of strength and activity, or more intellectual talents and genius. He was born and brought up in one of the forests for which Ohio is so conspicuous, but a few miles from the spot where Columbus now rears its lofty head, which then contained but a few log buildings. He ardently loved the young and beautiful Lucy Chapin, and had solicited her hand in marriage, which was granted, and the day appointed for solemnization of the nuptial ceremonies. They were preparing for, and anxiously awaiting, its approach, when he was called to defend his native state from the barbarous savage and the haughty Briton.

The rapid strides which they were making into our territory, compelled him to take a sudden leave of his home and friends. He imparted the sorrowful news to his intended bride, in as tender a manner as possible, and encouraged her to submit patiently, for he hoped soon to return again in peace and honor. The color fled from her beautiful cheek, a tear bedewed her lovely eye, as he talked of leaving her; but it was of short duration; for she immediately formed the heroic resolution of following him to the martial camp, and sharing his fortune in the chances of a terrific war. He endeavored to dissuade her, by portraying in the most glowing colors, and with faithful exactness, the hardships and trials which awaited her, in the event of her accompanying him; but she was inflexible in her purpose, and after various entreaties, on both sides, he reluctantly gave his consent.

Her fine auburn tresses, which hung in careless simplicity on her snowy neck, were trimmed short, and the garments which designated the sex, were exchanged for a suit of men's apparel. But even in this disguise, a kind of native innocence and beauty were pictured in her countenance, which could never belong to the masculine sex, and, so much so, that after her enlistment, she was commonly called the "handsome recruit," by her military companions; none ever even suspected her being any thing but a man.

When her parents discovered that she was missing, they made the strictest search and inquiry for her, but in vain, as no one could inform them of her fate. But at length a letter was found, written by her, informing them that she should be absent some time, when she would return and entreat their forgiveness for her unbecoming conduct; she concluded by requesting them not to be uneasy about her situation, as she was with a friend who would protect her until they should meet again.

But, alas! poor deluded girl! how little did she think that the next meeting would be in another and a better world! how little did she think that in a few more revolving weeks the blighting hand of death would lay her fondest hopes in dust; or

VARIETY.

that, instead of the bridal bed, she should occupy the lowly mansions of the grave.

The company to which they belonged was soon marched to the lines. Lucy, who passed by the assumed name of James Thornton, had already become expert in all the manoeuvres and duties of a soldier; and she was often placed on some dangerous out-post as a sentinel. It was quite painful to the feelings of Belgrave to see her exposed to so many hardships, although she bore them with the utmost patience; but it could not be remedied without exposing her real character, her unsullied virtue and integrity. They fondly anticipated the time when their term of service would expire, which would be ere long, and leave them free to consummate their happiness at the altar, amidst the congratulations of their friends. They were fortunate enough, however, to be placed in one tent, which rendered their hours less tedious, and their duties less fatiguing.

On a dark tempestuous night, just before the memorable battle of Chippewa, Lucy was appointed to one of the furthestmost outposts of the American camp. Ever faithful to her duty, she thought that she could distinguish the rapid and almost silent approach of footsteps; as usual on such occasions, she demanded in an austere voice,—"Who's there?" No reply was made; according to orders, she discharged her musket towards the sound, as a signal, and hastily retreated towards the camp; a few hollow groans announced that she had not fired in vain. The drums immediately beat to arms; but the soldiers had scarcely grasped their deadly weapons when they were attacked; but the enemy was soon repulsed. Thus by her vigilance was our noble band of heroes preserved.

Love was the predominant passion of her heart; it had subdued all her feminine timidity, and banished all the gentler passions; it was this which had supported her through the past scenes, and it was this which enabled her to enter into the sanguinary battle with calmness.

They were present at the engagement of Chippewa, which was fought on the 5th of July, and escaped unhurt. Nothing material happened until the 25th of the same month, when the ever memorable battle of Badger water was fought. They were under the command of the generous and gallant Col. MILLER, when he received orders from Gen. BROWN to storm a battery which the enemy had on a commanding eminence. This charge is said to have exceeded any thing experienced by the British soldiers even in Europe.—Thrice were the Americans repulsed with great slaughter; the fourth charge was made, and they were crowned with victory. They could not be driven nor withstood; and had they even been conquered, they would yet deserve honor; as victors, they covered themselves with glory.

Lucy was among the number of wounded which were conveyed from the field. Upon examination the wound proved to be in the right breast, and was pronounced mortal. It would almost be impossible to judge the surprise which was depicted on every countenance when it was discovered that she was a female; an involuntary sigh burst from even the rude soldiers' honest hearts. She was almost on the verge of death, when, Belgrave rushed into the room like a frightened maniac, and advanced towards the spot where she lay expiring. She cast a look of unutterable tenderness towards him; the pulse of life seemed stayed for a few moments; she gave him her hand and in trembling accents bade him remember her to her honored parents and friends—and taking a ring from her finger, she placed it on his and faintly uttered a last farewell—her heart throbbed—ceased—throbbed again, and ceased—forever!

She was beautiful even in death—a placid calmness pervaded her lovely features; the rosy tinge of youth still dwelt upon her cheek, and she appeared like a fair flower plucked before its time.

He gazed upon her inanimate form with the most poignant anguish; but he did not weep; he did not break forth into loud lamentation he spoke not a word; but the "silver chord that bound him to existence was loosed," and the tender heart-strings were broken; he seemed like a drooping lily, shrinking before the all-withering hand of time.

Shortly after this melancholy event, he obtained an honorable discharge and returned home. But the sad recollections of the past were deeply engraven on his mind; life became wearisome, and the world, like a barren desert, afforded him neither comfort nor consolation. By degrees he lost the use of his reason, and fell into a lingering disease, of which he died—the victim of a broken heart.

"Will you have me?" said a young man to a modest little girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me, if you will."

The following high tribute to certain of our Revolutionary worthies is from a work just published by Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"One of the most fortunate steps of the sagacious Samuel Adams was his yoking in with him the very rich and accomplished John Hancock, Esq. The cause of self-government is under great obligations to both. One gave to it his great mind, and the other his fortune; one obtained contemporary celebrity, the other, like Napoleon, trusted posterity.

"How rarely do we find two men alike! Minds differ as much as countenances, yet that difference impedes not union. Adams and Hancock were very unlike each other. Together they formed that potent weapon, the *areion*,—the efficient *steel* and the *feather*. Like Adams, Mr. Hancock was a gentleman of an university education and cultivated taste; he was a remarkably good speaker, and resembled an English nobleman in dress, manners, style of living, and equipage, and was grievously tormented with gout. I have thought that the character of Mr. H. was a compound of that of the Duke of New Castle and the Duke of Grafton, both of whom bustled at the Court of London in the early part of the reign of George the Third; while that of Mr. Adams could not be so readily paralleled. It partook of our conception of *Phidias* among the Greeks, and of *Cato* among the Romans. With a countenance expressive of benevolence and good humor was united the inflexible virtue of *Regulus*, dignified by a perfect command of temper.

"That my venerated friend, JOHN ADAMS, was as staunch in his principles of independency as Samuel, no one can doubt, who knows the man and his whole history; but being a professional man, he had neither the time nor opportunity of manifesting them so early, by a year or two, as his namesake.—The clear and cogent paragraphs and essays of Samuel appeared like those of JENNY, in newspapers, prompt and to the purpose aimed at, whereas those of John were more labored works, rich in authorities, profound in conception, strong in expression, and never confuted. Samuel Adams absolutely wielded that powerful engine, a *free press*, with the strong arm of a giant. But that was not all; he stood at the very avenue of public opinion as it regarded the cause of freedom or *whiggism*.—*James Otis* was distinguished for the fire of genius, a blaze of eloquence, and a daring manner of expressing his brilliant ideas; yet he submitted his essays invariably to the mental strainer of the great patriot, as did other less distinguished ones. One day John and Samuel Adams were walking in the Boston Mall, and when they came opposite the stately mansion of Mr. Hancock, the latter turning to the former, said, with emphasis, 'I have done a very good thing for our cause in the course of the past week, by enlisting the master of that house into it. He is well disposed and has great riches, and we can give him *consensus* to enjoy them.' And Mr. Hancock did not disappoint his high expectations, for in spite of his occasional capriciousness, owing partly to disease, he threw all the weight of his fortune and extraordinary popularity into the scale of opposition to the British encroachments. Every body knows, that Hancock and Adams were the only men excepted from the general amnesty by Gage's proclamation, issued by royal authority, which capped the climax of their renown."

Mr. Southey. This gentleman, it would seem, is greatly annoyed by the numerous class of small authors, who abound in London and its vicinity. In a recent publication, he complains of authors, and especially poets, sending their works for his perusal and opinion, and gives them notice to discontinue the practice in future, thus:—

"Be it known to all whom it may concern, that I, Robert Southey, poet laureate, being somewhat advanced in years, and having business of my own fully to occupy as much time as can be devoted to it, consistently with a due regard to health, do hereby decline perusing or inspecting any manuscript from any person whatsoever, and desire that no application on that score may be made to me from this time forth; this resolution, which, from most just cause, is taken and here notified, being, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, not to be changed. Also, I give notice, that I have entered into a society for the discouragement of autograph collectors; which society will not be dissolved, till the legislature, in its wisdom, shall take measures for suppressing that troublesome and increasing sect. Lastly, I shall be obliged to those journals which will have the kindness to make these notices more widely known; and if my country member, Sir James Graham, would be pleased to mention them in the House of Commons—which he may do with as much propriety as when he spoke of the same person there on a former occasion—they would then have the advantage of being taken down by the reporters, inserted in all the daily newspapers, copied into the weekly and provincial ones, and finally recorded in the parliamentary debates."

The New Prime Minister of France. M. Cassimir Perrier is fifty-four years of age, of a handsome countenance, elevated stature, firm character, quick apprehension and great eloquence. His fortune is one of the greatest in France. He has been at the head of the liberal party for the last fifteen years, was one of the main authors of the revolution of July, and in the Chamber of Deputies was twice elected president.

Greenough's Chanting Cherubs, which, for some time past, have been exhibiting at Boston, are about to be removed to New-York. A correspondent of the New-York Evening Post, in noticing the false delicacy which induced some of the ladies of the Literary Emporium to decorate these figures with *course d'imitation*, holds this language:—

"Does not the author of this piece of idle affectation know, that 'to the pure, all things are pure?' To this remark, every well regulated mind will cheerfully respond. Away, then, with such disgusting affectation of modesty, such *impurity* of conceit, such contemptible and degrading prudery! for, if the chaste form of a Cherub must be 'naked,' before it can be exhibited to the public, it is time to debar our daughters from entering the nursery, from studying the Bible, or reading Milton, to prevent impure associations in their minds. I believe that there is a good collection of statues in the Academy of Fine Arts, at Boston; and many of us have seen, and all of us have heard of the celebrated Gallery of Statues at the Louvre, yet, we have never heard that the figures wear pinafores, or are veiled, in any way. Spirit of Raphael! look down and frown to merited contempt and scorn such affected modesty. I venture to say, that the object in covering so pure a subject must defeat itself; otherwise 'vice it is with nature to comply,' and the subject which Mr. Greenough has chosen, ought not to be exhibited at all. But I am satisfied that human nature is not in so depraved a state as this suspender of 'course d'imitation' around the pure forms of celestial innocence is desirous of making the public believe; and, that, to the chaste admirers of this delightful specimen of sculpture, no veil is needed; and I also venture to predict that 'no thought infirm' will ever alter the cheek of the female visitors of this production of Mr. Greenough's chisel."

Of all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delight it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife, let him be ever so frugal, industrious or successful; and it avails nothing if she is unfaithful to this trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure or dissipation, those sums which toil and application gained; but if she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm? fly over lands? sail upon the sea? meet difficulty and encounter dangers—if he knows that it is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful it is to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to sooth the solitary house of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of any man's life and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase a release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; a heart ready to sympathize with tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his; and as enjoyment derives additional relish from anticipation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

Philosophical Emotion. Gibbon, in his memoirs, relates, that he was present at the delivery of Sheridan's speech on Warren Hastings's trial, and that in common with all others who heard that master-piece of modern eloquence, he was deeply affected. He adds, that he, moreover, experienced from it a personal gratification as delightful as it was unexpected, for the orator in the course of his speech referred to the "History of the Decline and Fall," in terms of flattering commendation. The conclusion of his anecdote enables us to judge of the effect of strong excitement upon the philosophical temperament, for he tells us that "when the speech was ended, I took the opportunity of inquiring of a reporter, who sat in the same box, what number of words he supposed a fluent orator commonly uttered in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking—when the reporter informed me, that he reckoned it at somewhere between 7,000 and 7,500; this," adds Gibbon, "gives an average of about 7,200 per hour, being at the rate of 120 a minute. Athenæum.

Caution. Our fair readers are respectfully requested not to present a *spring of geranium* to a young gentleman for whom they entertain no more than ordinary friendship; for, since the publication of Flora's dictionary, it is generally understood as an evidence of preference over all other suitors.—Dogwood blossoms signify, "I hate you," and may be distributed among the grosser sex, *ad libitum*. Whenever a *romanticist* is offered you, you are to understand, "how much the youth is dazzled by your charms;" exhibit then the *thorn apple* and bid him good evening. Balt. Wreath.

March of Intellect.—Wants a Situation. A young woman who has received the rudiments of her education in a charity school, as a house maid; she would prefer a place where the stairs are sent out to scour, and where she can carry on an epistolary correspondence with her friends, and where furniture rubbing, washing and cleaning can be performed by proxy. Address, post paid, to Miss Amelia Caroline Ada Josephina Scroggs, Seven Dials. London Paper.

An Exemplary Mother. Margaret P—, the only female in the prisoner's box, was placed on the stand. Had been given into the custody of the watch by her husband the night previous, in consequence of her outrageous conduct. She was constantly intoxicated and nothing could be done with her at home; her husband therefore begged his Honor to provide some asylum for her, and he would bind himself to pay seventy-five cents a week for her maintenance out of his scanty and hard-earned wages. The poor, miserable woman begged hard to be permitted to go home to her children.

Woman. Do, Robert, dear, take me home with you; do now, and I never will drink any more. Wont you, dear, try me once more?

"I have tried you for nine years," said the husband; and the expression of sorrow that rested on his care-worn features as he witnessed her tears and listened to her fervent supplications, gave evidence of the nature of his trials.

Woman. Oh! dear Robert, do try me this time; only this once, and I never will drink another drop again. I promise on my knees, and I'll kiss the book.

Mayor. Yes, but you have often promised so before.

Woman. No, I have never promised on my knees before, and I'll kiss the book. Let me go home this time—I'll give security; my son will go bail for me.

Notwithstanding the tears and promises, which we have no doubt were as sincere as the anguish under which this miserable mother appeared to suffer, her husband left the office in search of the guardians of the poor, with whom the Mayor suggested an arrangement might be made. She has several times already been committed on a similar charge. Philadelphia Bulletin.

Selling a Wife. The following memorandum, says the Stockport Advertiser drawn upon a 1s. 6d. stamp, will best explain the nature of a bargain between two fellows at a beer shop in the Hillgate, in this town. Millward is a butcher, and was last week fined before our magistrates, for using uneven balances in his trading transactions. The other persons are unknown to us.

I Booth Millward, bought of William Clayton, his wife, for five shillings, to be delivered on the 25th of March, 1831, to be delivered in a Alter, at Mr. John Lamases house.

Witnesses—Joseph Gordon, G. Wood, Geo. Whaley.

Dr. Parr used to swear when occasion called upon him so to do in the style of the newspapers, by omitting the body of the offensive expletives. Thus, when a poor Curate applied to him for his interest in securing him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, Parr, taken "all aback," exclaimed, "You be d—d!"—"Thank ye, sir," responded the applicant, bowing—"For what?" inquired Parr, amazed—"For so kindly expressing your opinion," said the other gravely, "that I am worthy of the dignity I seek, that of being D. D.!"

DIED.

In Kithank, on Tuesday night last, Mr. Warner Doty aged about 29 years. The deceased was one of those who had endured the imposition of Joe Smith, and a victim to the delusion of Mormonism. He was duly commissioned after their manner to preach, and was one of the most active and zealous in the cause. So fully did he believe in the divinity of Smith, that he had been made to have full faith, that he should live a thousand years—this he confessed to a near relative some four weeks before his decease. Five days before he expired, he was suddenly attacked with an inflammation in the bowels, which afterwards assumed a typhoid appearance. He was immediately removed to the residence of his parents, who had no faith in the Mormon remedies for the cure of diseases. No persuasion could induce the young man to have a physician called, so strong was he impressed with the supernatural power of Joe Smith. Several of the Mormons soon assembled around the sick man, where they contrived to encourage him to persevere, and strengthen his delusion, telling him that he was getting better and would soon be well, they saw he was about to expire when they all fled from the house, without offering to assist in the last sad solemnities of the dead. Smith was sent for soon after he was taken sick, and proceeded towards the house of Doty, to heal him but (as Smith said) he received a command not to go to Doty's and "cast his pearl before Swine." He however visited the sick man a day or two after, and said he would get well, and protested against calling a physician. He held his hand upon the head of Doty for 10 or 15 minutes, but for what object is not known. A few hours before the young man expired, Dr. Brainard was sent for, much against the will of the worshippers of Smith, by the interference of other friends. The Doctor immediately pronounced his disease past remedy, and told the Mormon doctors that their superstition had probably been the means of the young man's death, or something of like import. When the young man discovered that death was nigh, his faith in Smith's pretensions seemed to forsake him. He said, "what a wonderful mistake I have made," and called all his friends to take his leave. Addressing himself to an old man of the Mormon faith, he said, "you are a friend to every body—I must shake hands with you—this is a lesson that I have learnt by actual experience, by which you ought to profit, but with me it is too late!" The Mormonite will probably contradict many of these statements, as they have many positive facts heretofore; but we have our information from a relative of the deceased, who was present during the last eighteen hours of his life, and whose intelligence and veracity will not suffer in comparison with the whole of those deluded people who have adopted Joe Smith as their spiritual leader. Painesville Tel.

PATRICK DICKIE'S Improved Seidlitz Powders, are held in the highest estimation for their peculiar virtues, in giving relief where indigestion, heart-burn, or bilious affections prevail; they are possessed of all the aperient properties of the celebrated Seidlitz and Cheltenham Waters, and are as refreshing and agreeable as Soda Water; they have likewise been found extremely serviceable when other aperients have been rejected by the stomach, and can always be depended on as an effectual remedy for nausea and acidity of the stomach; a single trial will convince the invalid of the superior quality of the above powders. Sold wholesale and retail, by

P. DICKIE, 413 Broadway.

SWAIN'S PANACEA.

WITH the proprietor's guarantee, his caution to the public, his signature and stamp to each bottle, for sale by the box or bottle, on very favorable terms, by

P. DICKIE, 413 Broadway.

FURTHER BRILLIANT SUCCESS AT J. L. CLARK'S EXCHANGE, 168 BROADWAY.

Drawn numbers of the New York Lottery, class No. 14, extra.

3 1 29 23 20 11
Clark as usual sold a and paid a fair proportion of the capitals. His is the lucky office for prizes.

Next Wednesday another opportunity will be given to all who wish to avail themselves of Clark's good fortune—class No. 15, extra, \$20,000, 6,000, 2,500, 2,270, 10 of 1,000, &c. Tickets \$5, halves 250, quarters 125.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst. the grand and truly splendid scheme, \$60,000, 50,000, 40,000, 25,000, 20,000, 10,260, 6 of 5,000, 6 of 2,500, 10 of 1,000, 18 of 500, &c. Tickets, \$20, halves \$10, quarters 250. For the prizes call on J. L. CLARK, 168 Broadway.

"We often lose the good we might win, by fearing to attempt."

SUCCESS still continues at the most fortunate spot, 184 Hudson street.

Drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery, Extra, class 14, Wednesday, 1st June.

3 1 29 23 20 11

Taylor had the pleasure of selling combination 29 23 20 \$1500, to an industrious and deserving individual of the city. 29 23 11 \$1000, to a young lady in the city also, besides 200, 100, &c.

Next Lottery draws Wednesday, June 8. Highest prize \$20,000, 1 of 6,000, 2500, 2270, 10 of 1,000, &c. Tickets \$5, shares in proportion, for sale at Taylor's successful office, 184 Hudson street.

MA FANCHETTE EST CHERMANTE.

WITH the brilliant variations by Herz, as performed at the Concerts by Miss Sterling, and a "distinguished amateur," engraved and printed in the most careful style, is this day published by BOURNE, 359 Broadway, and may be had at most music stores in town and country.

"YE TORMENTORS," from Cinderella, is also just published by Bourne, of whom all the most admired Songs, Duets, &c. in this charming opera may be obtained.

The Grand Lottery so long advertised, will be drawn in this City on the 15th June, Extra Class 16—36 numbers—5 Drawn Balls.

BRILLIANT SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$60,000 is	\$60,000
1	50,000
1	40,000
1	25,000
1	20,000
1	10,000
6	5,000
6	2,500
6	2,000
18	1,000
18	500
186	150
186	100
186	80
186	60
1116	40
12950	20

15870 Prizes amounting to 685,440
YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

WILLIAM KIDDER'S

BLACK AND RED WRITING INK AND INK POWDER, INDELIBLE INK, COURT PLASTER, &c.

These articles are warranted inferior to none. Of the testimonials in their favor, it may suffice to say, they are patronized by the U. S. Government at the Capital and Departments, New York and many other Post Offices, &c. and that a Diploma was awarded the Ink and Sealing Wax (the only articles exhibited) by the American Institute at the last annual fair.

Sold by OCTAVIUS LONGWORTH, Sign of the Ink Bottle, 329 Pearl Street, Franklin Square. BLANK BOOKS and STATIONERY at low prices. m28 t128

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

A GENERAL assortment of superior Drugs and Medicines may be obtained at the S. W. corner of Hudson and North-Moore streets.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS put up accurately and promptly. April 23.

T. HAWLEY, HAIRCUTTER,

NO. 1 MAIDEN-LANE,

Corner of Broadway, (up stairs.)

CLOTHING STORE

221 GREENWICH STREET.

JOHN PARET & Co. Drapers and Tailors, have on hand a large assortment of Clothing for summer, viz. Coats, Vests, Pantaloones, Shirts, Collars, Stocks, Cravats, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. made in a fashionable style, and for sale on reasonable terms. May 28 t128

BAIL & O'FARIN,

Musical Instrument Makers, corner of Walker and Elm streets, (near Broadway.) New York.

PATENT and all other Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, Futes, Bassoons, and all other Wind Instruments always on hand, and made to order.

N.B. Musical Instruments of every description, repaired in the neatest manner. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. m28 t128

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beckman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beckman, corner of William St.

T. KENSETT.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR GONORRHEA DR. BARCLAY'S CONCENTRATED COMPOUND OF CUBELS AND SARSAPARILLA.

A Inoffensive, Positive, and Speedy Remedy for the Cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Seminal Weakness, Stricture, Whites, Pains in the Loins, Kidneys, Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Passages.

This most efficacious Preparation is conveniently used, and totally devoid of irritating qualities, frequently performing cures in a few days; it is healthful to the stomach, and by no means unpleasant to the palate; possessing all the active medicinal properties necessary for the Cure of the above Diseases without any liability of injury to the system by exposure to the weather. It has obtained the sanction of many of the respectable members of the Faculty, and the approbation of all those who have had occasion for its use.

Dr. S. G. BARCLAY.

Sir,

I consider it a duty which I owe not only to yourself, but to those unfortunate or imprudent persons who may require the aid of your valuable medicine, to offer an acknowledgment for the essential benefit I have derived from its use. In taking Dr. Barclay's Concentrated Compound of Cubels and Sarsaparilla, no exemption from business was necessary; nor did it create any disagreeable or nauseous feelings; by strictly adhering to the directions, I have obtained a permanent cure from an obstinate and troublesome case of Gonorrhea. You have the liberty of using this communication with the initials of my name.

Your's &c. G. W.

Paternoster Row, Feb. 12, 1829.

Prepared by

S. G. BARCLAY, M. D. STRAND, LONDON. And for sale by, Gay and Cheney, 100 Fulton, corner of Gold St. Place and Southland, 2 Park; and Loring and Prescott, 79 Fulton, corner of Gold street.

Observe that each bottle bears the signature S. G. Barclay, M. D.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY. Extra Class No. 15, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 8th of June, 1831, at half past 4 P.M. 60 number Lottery, 9 drawn balls.

1 Prize of \$20,000 is	\$20,000
1	6,000
1	2,500
1	2,270
10	1,000
10	500
20	250
40	100
51	50
51	40
51	30
51	25
102	20
1530	10
11175	5

13395 prizes, amounting to \$136,880
YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

J. WHITE, WATCH-MAKER.

NO. 47 NASSAU-STREET.

Repairs watches and clocks of every description.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

THE PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N.B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts. May 28

THOMAS DE VUON,

FROM LONDON

LOCK-SMITH AND BELL-HANGER,

NO. 28 LIBERTY-STREET.

Smith work in general executed promptly. All kinds of Grates and Kitchen Ranges made to order; and Bells hung on the most approved London plan. May 28

HAIR SEATING

CURLED HAIR.

LAWRENCE & GEORGE

OPFER For sale at their Manufactory, No. 102 Broadway street, superior fancy and plain Hair Seatings, 12 and 30 inches wide; 10,000 lbs. Brush, and 1000 lbs. Seize Hair.

N.B. A few good Rope Spinners will meet with immediate employment at the above Manufactory, or No. 81 Market-street. May 28

SCISSORS, NEEDLES, PENKNIVES, &c.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand an assortment of articles in their line, viz: Needles of the following kinds—drilled, round eyed, sharp, between, and ground downs, harness, saddlers', gloves', packing, netting, upholsterers', corset, tannour, cross stitch, book-binders', darning, milliners', knitting, and for head work—Scissors, Penknives, Frizzing Combs, Curling and Pinching Irons, teeth, nail, and comb Brushes, black Pins, silver and other Trimbles, Tapers, Key Rings, Cork-crews, ivory fine Combs, Bodkins, Larding Pins, Tweezers, iron and brass Paste, Cutter's Tamouring Handles, &c. &c.

A, n123—3m A. OGBURY & SON.

FASHIONABLE

CAP MANUFACTORY, BY

L. MORANGE & DAVIS, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have established a Cap Manufactory and will always keep on hand a large assortment of the following articles, of different patterns and the latest fashions.

Patent Leather, Oil Silk, Cloth, Morocco, and Linen Caps for Gentlemen and Boys; Cloth Caps for the Officers of the Navy, also, the regular established Caps for the Officers of the Army, Gentlemen's Fur Caps of every description. Ladies' Mises, and Children's Seal, Genet, Fur, Stencdown, and Chinilla Caps. Also, a general assortment of Japanned Leather, figured, plain hair, and Silk Stocks.

A general assortment of the above articles for sale, wholesale and retail, on accommodating terms. May 28

JAMES CHINERY,

No. 90 William-Street,

ENGRAVER, DIE-SINKER, and LETTER CUTTER.

Door Plates and Window Tablets, Projecting Brass Letters, &c.

Business and Address Cards, Copperplate Printing, &c. Book-Binders' Tools, Galls of Arms, Crests, Ciphers, Office Seals, Bankers' and Merchants' Endorsing Stamps, Fac Similes, Heads for Newspapers, Brand Marks, Letter Presses and Letter Stamps of every description. May 28

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE STORE.

BY CHARLES R. TAYLOR. The subscriber will always have for sale a general assortment of articles in the sporting line, such as Fishing Lines of all kinds, solid or walking stick Fishing Rods, Brass Reels, Landing Nets and Hoops, fancy Cork Floats, Swivels, Hooks, Ludi Grass, single and double Guns and Pistols, Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game nets, Percussion Caps, Fencing Foils, Dirks; also, fancy Pocket Books and Miniature Cases, with an assortment of HARDWARE.

N.B. All sizes of Shot and the best quality of Powder. May 28

ARTIFICIAL ENAMEL HUMAN EYES.

To all those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an Eye.

DR. SCUDDER, Oculist, respectfully gives notice that he has returned to New York, and can be consulted between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, daily, at his office, No. 37 Cortlandt street. All those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, can have the deficiency remedied with a degree of perfection astonishing. Nothing disfigures the face more than the loss of an eye, and it frequently happens that those who have met with the loss exclude themselves from society. The artificial eyes roll, wink, and turn the same as the natural eye, are worn without pain, and will last during life. Being made of the finest flint enamel, and highly polished, they possess the brilliancy of the natural organ, and (so far as appearance goes) completely restore the lost beauty of the human face.

April 30.

TO LET

A CONVENIENT room for a gentleman and his wife, or two single gentlemen, with or without board. Apply at 47 Nassau street.

ROBERT LOVETT,

Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms, Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone.

Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names. March 26. t119

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

S. WINTERFON, 166 Canal street, 3 doors north of Varick street, has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats, of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at \$2 and upwards.

Also, an assortment, of Caps, Umbrellas, &c. Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the city. April 30.

BOARDING.

NOTICE.—That pleasantly situated house No. 40 Courtlandt-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats,) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May, will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street. April 2

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES,

or, MICHAEL FISHER, Trustees.

JOSEPH DANILSON, Trustees.

Terms of tuition, \$2 per quarter.

N.B. Board can be obtained at \$1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.

P. J. ARFARIUS'S CHAIR MANUFACTORY,

NO. 75 JOHN-STREET.

MAHOGANY, CURLED MAPLE, FANCY, & WINDSOR CHAIRS,



STEAMBOAT AND SHIP'S SETTEES AND STOOLS made to order. N.B. Chairs Repaired and Gilt.

W. BEASTALL

BEASTALL has removed to the house and store No. 148 Fulton street, recently occupied by Solomon King, where he intends keeping a general assortment of looks and stationery, which he will sell as low as any store in the city, and hopes, by a strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. He also begs leave to recommend to the public, his celebrated

VEGETABLE COMPOUND OIL.

for dyeing the hair, and promoting its growth. Also his BOTANICAL COMPOUND OIL, for the growth and preservation of the hair, and for assisting its curling. Also his very superior

INDELIBLE PERMANENT INK.

for marking, men, without the trouble of preparing the cloth. W.B. also composes to prepare his Writing Ink, Japan Ink, Red Ink, Ink Powders, Sealing Wax, &c., all which he warrants very superior articles. Those persons who are desirous of their ink, will do well to purchase at this establishment.

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the ropes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	\$0 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 40 gentle &	10 00

men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, &c. Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP

New-York, May 7, 1831